Russ Meyer Keeps His Hand In;
and Milos Forman on Cuckoo's Nest!

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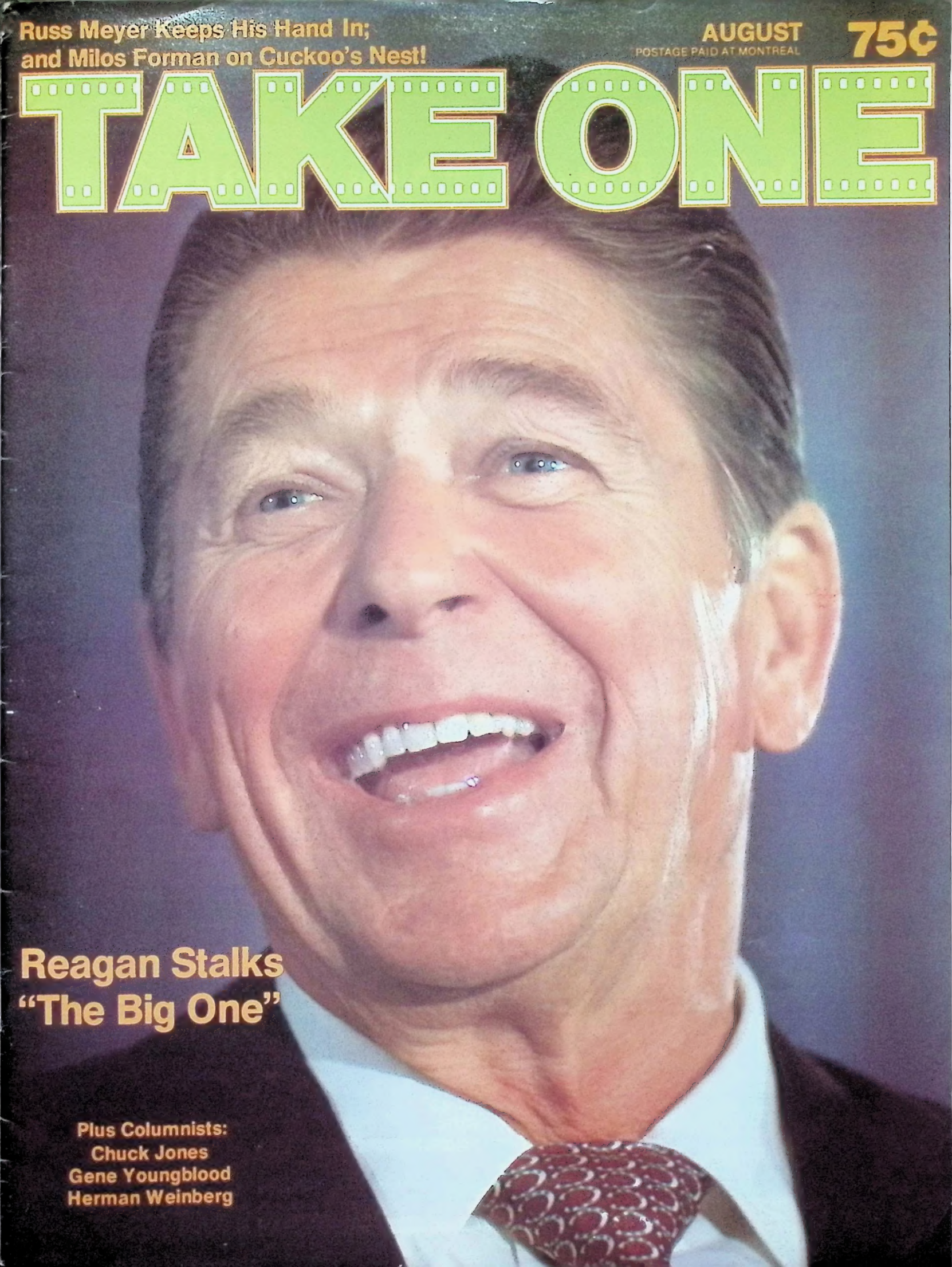

Reagan Stalks "The Big One"

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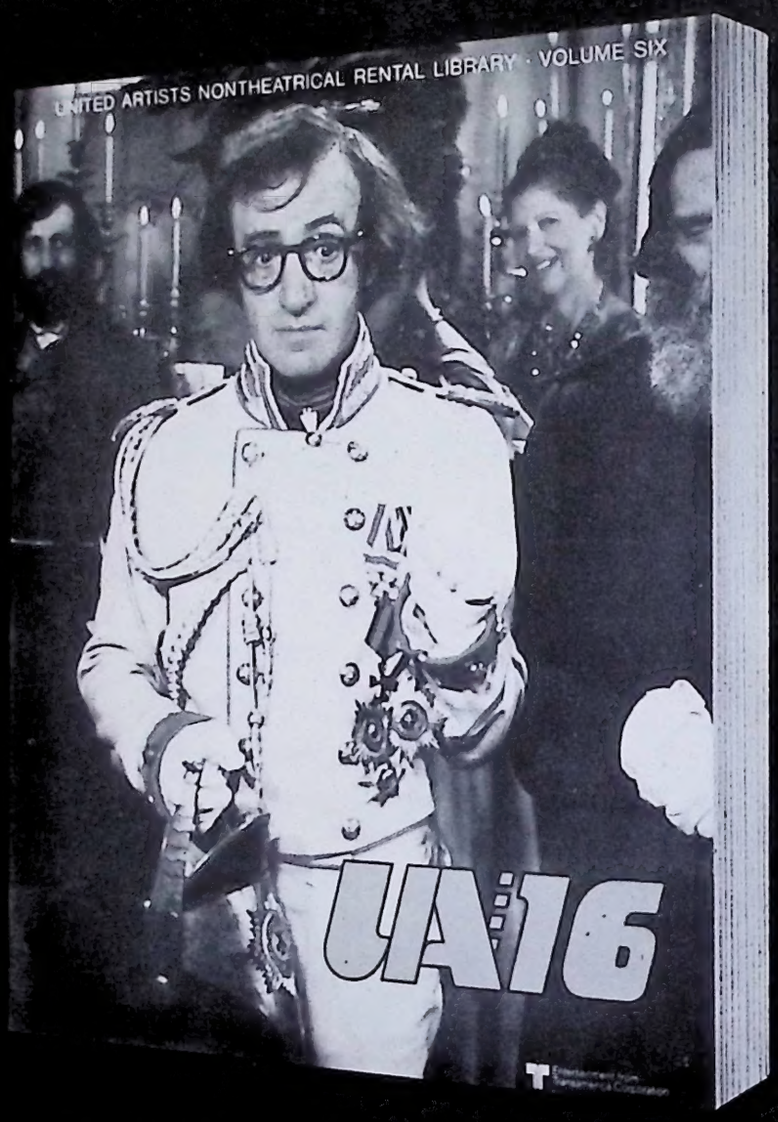

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TAKE ONE

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UPFRONT

News

If you saw **That's Entertainment, Part 2** when it first opened in New York, then you saw two segments and an overture that most of the public will never glimpse. Removed — to shorten the film from 133 minutes down to 126 — were "Lonesome Polecat" from **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** and "Concerto in F" from **An American in Paris.**

Reporting to the National Film Board on the reasons for several missing films, the Canadian embassy in Jakarta explained that four were lost in a plane crash. They were from a series of films entitled "Accidents Don't Happen".

Did you know that GOLDIE HAWN has a great-great-great-great-great grandfather who signed the Declaration of Independence?

COLIN BROWNE (British Columbia Early Film Project, Box 171, Saanichton, B.C. V0S 1M0; 604-652-2719) is looking for film shot in B.C. before 1940, as well as any information about the early cinematic days of the province. Browne's Project will produce a catalogue, listing the whereabouts of pre-1940 B.C.-shot film (as well as a Search List of films he knows were made but was unable to find), prefaced with a brief history of the movies in B.C.

If you — like much of the filmmaking community — are concerned about HARRY REEMS' obscenity conviction (for one day's work, at $100, as "Dr. Young" in **Deep Throat**), you may want to contribute to the actor's legal fund, c/o Weissberg and Harris, 120 East 56th Street, Suite 1030, New York, New York 10022. JACK NICHOLSON has called the Memphis court decision (see "Film as Business" this issue) "a great blow to all the performing arts". In June, ROD MCKUEN was co-organizer of a fund-raising event in Hollywood that saw the likes of LORNE GREEN, DAVE GARROWAY, WARREN BEATTY and SALLY QUINN turn out, and there have been similarly-stellar functions in New York as well.

Production Notes from All Over: SYDNEY POLLACK has now started shooting (in Switzerland and Italy) on **Bobby Deerfield** — AL PACINO playing opposite MARTHE KELLER and ANNY DUPEREY. ... DON SIEGEL has been signed to direct **The Stone Leopard**, based on COLIN FORBES' novel (filming to start early next year). ... It is reported that ROBERT SHAW's take for starring in **The Deep** is a solid $650,000 "up front", plus 2½ percent of the gross box-office! ... July 5 saw the start of lensing, on location in Montreal, of the screen version of MORDECAI RICHLER's **Jacob Two-Two Meets the Hooded Fang**. Eight-year-old STEPHEN ROSENBERG plays the former of the title roles, while ex-Detroit Lion ALEX KARRAS plays the latter. ... Rumours are again circulating that SERGIO LEONE is getting ready (after years of preparation) to film **Once Upon a Time in America**. ROBERT DENIRO and GERARD DEPARDIEU have already been signed and more big names are on their way into the fold. ... MARTIN SCORSESE's **New York, New York** has begun location shooting in guess where. DENIRO is in this one too, with LIZA MINNELLI playing a theatre usherette who becomes a Broadway star. ... Concerned about how theatre audiences will react to having to see BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI's **1900** in two parts (despite its being trimmed by another 15-20 minutes), Paramount is considering a test in Canada before the major U.S. release. ... Another Paramount release (for early next year) is TONY RICHARDSON's **Joseph Andrews** (with ANN-MARGRET in the role of Lady Booby), now completing shooting at various stately homes around England. SIR JOHN GIELGUD, DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT, MICHAEL HORDERN, BERYL REID and JIM DALE are also in the cast. ... ANN-MARGRET, of course, is fresh from her part in CLAUDE CHABROL's **The Twist** (where she played opposite BRUCE DERN). CHABROL is now announced as the director, this fall, of **The Petersburg-Cannes Express**, in which JULIE CHRISTIE and DONALD SUTHERLAND will star. ... DANIEL PETRIE will direct ROBERT MITCHUM and VANESSA REDGRAVE in a screen version of BRIAN MOORE's **The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne**, to be shot in London later this year. ... MS. REDGRAVE, for her part, has been signed to play the title role in FRED ZINNEMANN's movie of LILLIAN HELLMAN's **Julia** — with JANE FONDA playing HELLMAN and JASON ROBARDS as DASHIELL HAMMETT (MAXIMILIAN SCHELL and HAL HOLBROOK are also joining the cast). ... Universal has announced that **Jaws II** is to begin production next spring for a 1978 release. ... When 30 Italian police raided the Tuscan country-home of German director VOLKER SCHLONDORFF — acting on a tip that he was harbouring members of the notorious Badder-Meinhof gang — they were able to come up with only one tiny pistol. SCHLONDORFF was co-director of last year's **The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum** — about one young woman's experience with exactly that kind of harrassment. ... TOM JONES makes his screen debut in **Yockowald**, scheduled to start filming this month. He plays a hired killer and does not sing. ... LARRY MCMURTRY has written the screenplay for HUNTER S. THOMPSON's **Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas**, while JOHN LENNON's been asked to write the music. ...

In-flight films are a lot of fun on trans-ocean or transcontinental flights, but what about all those shorter hops — the ones that are less than feature-length? Well, Sherman Grinberg — president of Classic Film Digest — had an idea, which he has already sold to Continental Airlines. Why not cut feature films down to short-flight length? In fact, why not — while we're at it — make up double-bills of *two* feature films, a cartoon *and* an old newsreel and *still* leave time to serve coffee on the flight between (for instance) Los Angeles and Seattle.

Grinberg has leased 72 Twentieth Century-Fox features. He sticks to the stars and the action, "simplifying" and "clarifying" the plot line of such films as *Tora! Tora! Tora!* and *The Grapes of Wrath* to the point where they end up only 25 minutes long ("Think what I'll have to do with *Tora! Tora! Tora!*" Grinberg was quoted as saying to the *Hollywood Reporter*, "I have to cut it to 25 minutes and it ends with a 45-minute battle scene.")

"Have you cut anything yet?" one viewer was heard to ask about two minutes into the short version of *Planet of the Apes*. "Are you kidding," replied Grinberg, "We're into the third reel already."

Incarcerated #3

Third in a (we hope) short series of reports on filmmakers currently in prisons (for political offenses) around the world. Prepared with the assistance of Amnesty International, 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8SP — from which organization further information can be obtained.

Basuki Effendi, Indonesia

Basuki Effendi is one of Indonesia's foremost film directors. Two of his films, **Si Pintjang** (The Cripple) and **Pulang** (Homecoming) won film awards at the Italian international film festival in 1954 and 1956 respectively. He was also a member of the Film Section of the leftwing association of Indonesian artists and writers, LEKRA, which was banned after an abortive coup in 1965, and had been elected to its Central Executive in 1959. Basuki Effendi was first arrested on 23 October 1965 and held without trial for four months in Salemba Prison, Jakarta. The reason for his arrest was his official position in LEKRA, although the organization itself was not proscribed until March 1966. After his release in February 1966, he was unable to obtain employment in the film industry because of his LEKRA membership and ex-detainee status. Mr Effendi was re-arrested in March 1969, again because of his position in LEKRA, and has been detained since then without charge or trial. He was transferred to Buru Island Detention Camp in late 1971, and has received no communication from his wife since then. Although according to official statements, prisoners on Buru are allowed to correspond with their families, letters rarely arrive. While he was imprisoned in Jakarta, Mr Effendi's family was allowed to visit him once every two months, but this is no longer possible because of the remoteness of Buru.

Award-winning New York independent filmmaker MARTHA COOLIDGE is to be ROBERT WISE's interne/assistant on his upcoming **Audrey Rose**. ... Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. has admitted making about $246,000 in "questionable or illegal payments ... in certain foreign countries" from 1971 to the present, but also explains that it doesn't do it any more. ... The producer of the film version of **Equus** admitted he had seriously considered MARLON BRANDO for the lead, but that he was "just too fat" — so RICHARD BURTON got the choice part. ... HELMUT BERGER is reported to have inherited a small fortune from his friend, director LUCHINO VISCONTI, who died in March. The money seems to have gone to his head slightly: He recently leaned over to people at the next table in Paris's chic Brasserie Lipp and remarked, "Shut up — you are too ugly to talk!" ... Native Albertan ARTHUR (**Love Story**) HILLER is finally shooting a film in his home province: **The Silver Streak**. Since leaving Toronto in 1955, he has directed over 300 tv shows and more than a dozen movies. ... RICHARD ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN will co-produce the suspense drama, **When Worlds Collide**. JOHN FRANKENHEIMER is scheduled to direct from a script by ANTHONY BURGESS. ... FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT will make his American film debut as an actor opposite RICHARD DREYFUS in STEVEN SPIELBERG'S **Watch the Skies**. ... Warners has announced that they'll be making the screen version of T. HARRY WILLIAMS' Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, **Huey Long**. ... With shooting completed in New York and New Jersey, WILLIAM FRIEDKIN is moving on to the Dominican Republic for the bulk of the camera work on his **Sorcerer**, starring ROY SCHEIDER, whom he last directed in **The French Connection**. ... MAE WEST, who claims to have launched CARY GRANT to stardom by calling him "the best looking thing in Hollywood", was busy screening a new batch of unknowns — this June 30th — in hopes of finding one to play opposite her in her upcoming film **Sextette**. The winner was going to have to be tall, dark, handsome and have a British accent. ... STEVE MCQUEEN'S first film since **Papillon** is to be ARTHUR MILLER'S adaptation of HENRIK IBSEN'S **An Enemy of the People**. GEORGE SCHAEFER is to direct, starting August 1. Says MCQUEEN: "I can afford to fail now, so I want to try it." He has been negotiating unsuccessfully, for some time, for screen rights to SAMUEL BECKETT'S *Waiting for Godot*. ... NORMAN MAILER will co-star with MARILYN CHAMBERS in **Murphy**. RIP TORN will be in it too. ... Is it true that clever old JACK NICHOLSON sold his percentage piece of **Missouri Breaks** to producer ELLIOTT KASTNER for a flat $1-million? ... ROGER CORMAN liked JON DAVISON'S **Hollywood Boulevard** so much (especially its $60,000 budget) that he's given the young producer 10% of the film's profits and a multi-picture deal. ... MARTIN BREGMAN is to produce **Greenpeace** next year, based on the Canadian group's 1975 anti-whaling expedition. ... CARL FOREMAN has been signed to write the screenplay for IRWIN ALLEN'S $15-million production of **The Day the World Ended**. ... With shooting completed on **Islands in the Stream**, GEORGE C. SCOTT has been added to the cast of **The Prince and the Pauper** (beside such others as CHARLTON HESTON, REX HARRISON and OLIVER REED). ... MARIA SCHNEIDER is to play the part of the Emperor's sister in **Gore Vidal's Caligula**.

Some of Universal's **Midway** look a bit familiar? Could have been the out-takes that they bought from Twentieth Century-Fox's **Tora! Tora! Tora!**

Letters

We'd like to hear from you. Cards and letters should be sent to Take One, *Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Canada H3B 3L3. Write early to insure publication in the following issue.*

Bastardized Brecht

Brecht opposed the use of form as the criteria by which a socialist realist work of art was determined. Brecht opposed this "formalism" which he himself was accused of by the Stalinist critics.

Note the confusion in all that.

To straighten out the socialist side.

A formalist would be one who played only with form and left content alone, whereas a socialist realist in the Lukacs, Zhadanov and Stalinist sense was one who changed the content yet allowed the older forms to persist. Whereas some persons (Lukacs) charged Joyce, Kafka, and Doblin as bourgeois artists of the west and mere formalists, Brecht re-attacked calling the critics the formalists.

> "When certain people see new forms, they scream 'formalism' but it is they themselves who are the worst formalists, worshippers of old forms at all costs, people who look only at forms, who pay attention to nothing else, who make them the only object of their scrutiny."
>
> (Arvon; *Marxist Aesthetics*)

Now the fun comes when one translates all this to a bourgeois capitalist society riddled with bourgeois ideology.

Lukacs becomes a weapon of the conservative Hegelian literary critics against the avant garde in capitalist society, whereas the exploration of all the avant garde is 90% form, formalism and innovative ontological so-called unique experiments.

When the conservative literary critics find their Lukacs, the commie, valuable look out! Whereas the adventurist tendencies and self propelled assumptions of unique individuality expressed in manifestos by theatrical and film purveyors is a kind of bourgeois hysteria.

In this instance to utilize a Brechtian or Brechtian-like critique one turns conservative! And it is precisely this dilemma which Jean-Pierre Gorin and his ex-el group Dziga Vertov friend Godard fall prey to [Vol. 4 No. 1].

In a capitalist society (USA) the terms necessary, for example, to obtain foundation grants whether it be municipal, state or federal proposals must be couched in "innovative and unique" terminology. It is imperative that one apply for grants claiming that one's program is something different from the two million other grant proposals and is something never thought of or done before. (This requirement is like mad consumerism, wherein when nothing else is left to do to the product, one changes its colors.)

It is by no means easy to market oneself or one's product in a barbarous condition such as exists in the film world of finance. One can understand the tumbles that a Gorin must make to capture the press and thereby capture a producer; so too with Godard and Jean-Marie Straub. Their intentions, all of them, may be leftish (not leftist). However, they must make a scene at press conferences during film festivals or else who would look at their work, and worse they must turn themselves into stars-crazies-freaks in order to stand above the collection of filmmaker cash hunters scrambling for attention from the hidden producers wandering around the halls and bathrooms of festivals.

As one turns oneself into a commodity — a star — one also turns one's products into something other than one's best intentions.

When Gorin and Godard pick up Brecht as they tried to do after '68, they pick him up in the same way they pick up other commodities — for exchange — as an innovative unique tool — to capture producer funds or at least to support their race for publicity. They must find something that no one else is doing, something that is "unique and innovative" and utilize it to make cash (or, as we say, to cash in on it). Godard and Gorin's politicization after '68 may well have been an important stage in their development, however the old form of utilizing anything at hand to get capital from a producer necessitated their utilization of Brecht in the flashiest and most superficial manner — easily assumed, easily discarded.

Brecht has been around for a while now, at least in Europe since the 30s, and certainly was a dramatic and cultural force in the 50s and early 60s. In addition Brecht wrote some 300 scenarios and film scripts and made a few films which demonstrate something of what he might have done more of, if the chance had been given him in Hollywood or in Europe. Thus the material for study and examination of Brechtian attitudes towards film was available to the Frenchmen before '68.

One should not discard the Brecht that Gorin picked up, for that which he picked up with Godard was a mere shadow of Brecht, an agit prop banner in order to justify more crazy attempts to obtain producer funds for so-called "political films". As a conspicuous consumer and a conspicuous waster, what Gorin has discarded hasn't been used.

R.G. David
Center for the
Study of Bertolt Brecht
and Epic Theatre
Berkeley, Cal.

A useful source

The pull-out titled "Film: How and Where to Find Out What You Want to Know" by James Monaco is proving especially useful. Your check list brought to my attention a number of sources of which I was previously unaware.

There is one source, however, that you neglected to cite. While you mention Section II, "Arts and Leisure" of *The New York Times*, you do not mention its equivalent on the West Coast: the "Calendar" section of *The Los Angeles Times*. Like *The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times* is indexed and on microfilm. Calendar's articles are unusually authoritative since they are written where the movies are made and by people who are close observers of the movie scene.

Richard S. Harmetz
Director
The Center of Films for Children
Los Angeles, CA

Copies of James Monaco's Guide are still available from Take One, *Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3 at 75 cents each (discounts available on bulk orders).*

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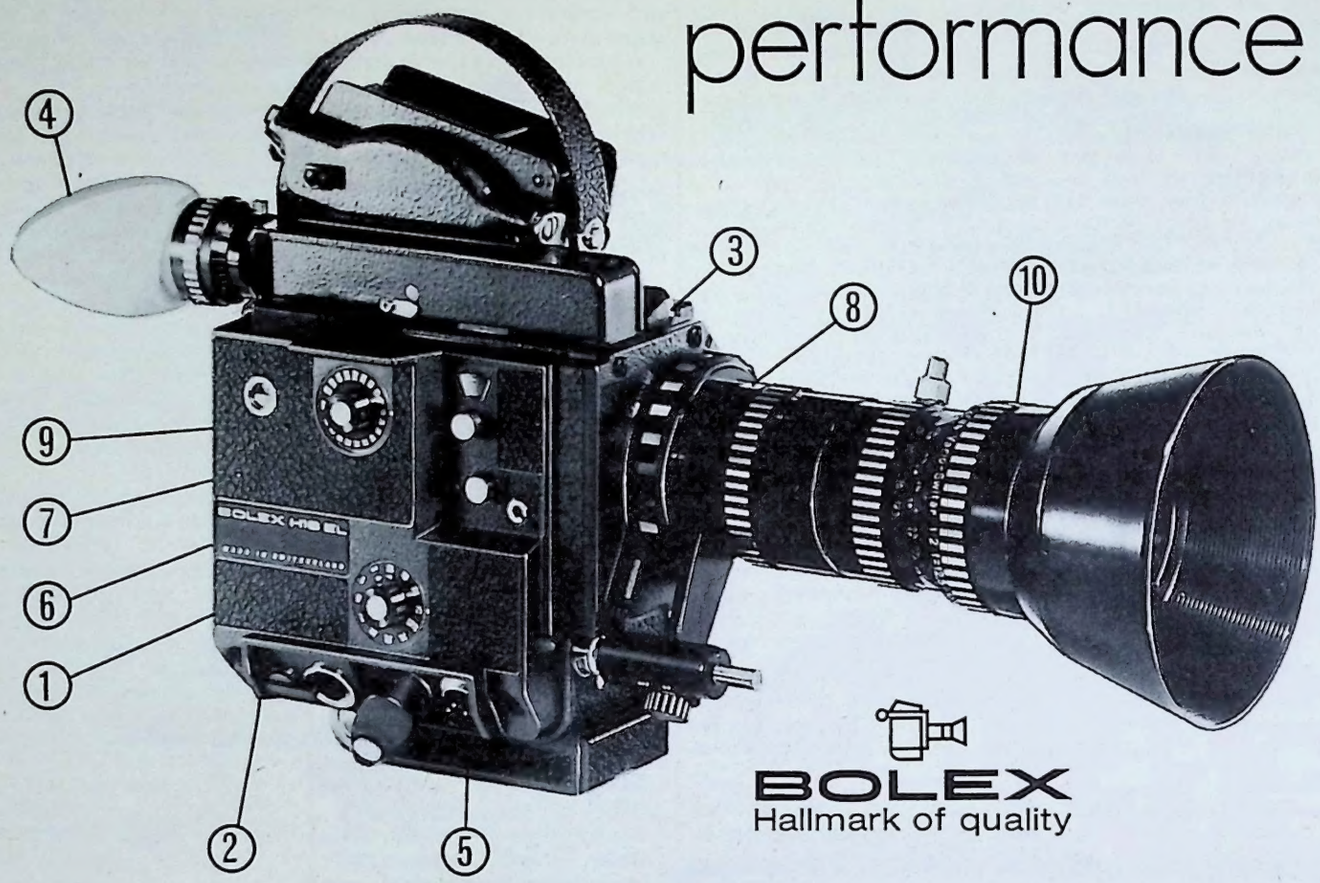

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Pensées of a Porno Prince

Russ Meyer talks to Scott Eyman

During the War, MGM — and, I suppose, the other studios — entered into a kind of unholy alliance with the military and, in order to defer their personnel for 6 more months said they'd use them to teach amateur filmmakers.

"We'll teach them technique and we'll enroll them at Kodak and teach them theory."

It was all a lot of crap; we didn't learn a thing. We did learn how to thread a studio camera, which none of us would ever see again. We each shot a hundred feet of film and they would judge us on our aggressiveness. The final determination as to what kind of rating you would get was based on how close you came to what was called a "printing light." Absolutely perfect exposure was 24 and those that came closest to that got the highest rating. I came second closest, so I got a Staff Sergeant's rating. I was 19 years old and no more deserved that than flies.

After World War II, I did a lot of still photography and industrial 16mm stuff, mostly titty-boom nudies. Then I did some motion picture coverage, then some architectural stuff, all of which has been beneficial.

I worked on **Giant**; I was supposed to get a picture for the Hearst supplement of the time, *The American Weekly*, I believe, of Taylor and Hudson on their horses in front of an enormous herd of cattle. I had known George Stevens during the War, so there was a rapport there, which certainly didn't hurt. The one cover I had on *Life* was also shot during **Giant**.

Stevens was a brilliant director and a fascinating guy. On some scenes he would run three cameras; he had a technique of taking his hat off and putting it over the lens of any of the cameras that would shoot something he didn't like. He wouldn't have it stop, but he'd see things

he would know he didn't want and make an instant editorial decision.

Jimmy Dean and I became quite friendly; Robert Altman's film **The James Dean Story** used a lot of the stills I shot during **Giant**. Dean was a curious guy, very much a loner. I remember I had a very heavy tripod that I was using with a View camera to get the picture for the Hearst paper. Jimmy had a Bolex and would go out on Sundays to shoot pictures of these wild burros they had out there. He asked me — quietly — if he could borrow my tripod and I said yes. So, he would always co-operate with me, but was very hostile to everybody else.

I remember the scene where he paces off the ground around his oil well. There must have been 15 stillmen hovering around as well as the regular crew and you could just see his concentration flagging. Finally, he blew up and started yelling, "No pictures, no pictures!" — then he spotted me — "Except for him."

When I was shooting the regular stills on **Giant**, I was using a Hasselblad, which was a very noisy camera. One day I let it go right in the middle of an intimate dialogue scene and there was this enormous "Clank." Stevens turned around, looked at me and immediately everything stopped, waiting for the explosion. All he said to me, very sweetly was, "Russ, please watch it with that thing." Now, he could have laid me out and he would have been perfectly justified in doing so, but he didn't. And then, afterwards, when he saw the cover on *Life*, he sent me a note saying the whole thing was worth it. Gestures like that are the mark of a man, you know? In George's case, his graciousness was the measure of his greatness.

A few years later I made **The Immoral Mr. Teas**; it cost $24,000 and I had a ball. *Time* magazine said, "**The Immoral Mr. Teas** opened the floodgates of permissiveness as we know it in these United States." Right out of **The March of Time**.

I take great pride in the fact that I've made a contribution to Cinema. Trite as **Mr. Teas** was, it changed things around. You've got to put that film in a context. When **Mr. Teas** was made, foreign films were very big and they all had scenes of people hopping into bed and the camera panning to the sky or crashing waves and then the next morning Lollobrigida or Loren is either bouncing around happily because she's been well-laid, or morbid and depressed because the guy didn't know what he was doing. Then they'd wait for the big, brutal escaped convict to come and have them. Lousy, unfunny films. I did that plot in **Loma**, except I had them screwing in two feet of water in the middle of a swamp. I love to put sex in outrageous locations. Up a tree, in a canoe, behind a waterfall... Screwing under tremendous odds strikes me as both erotic and funny.

Up through **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls** all my films made money. And then came **The Seven Minutes**.

I thought **The Seven Minutes** would be an overwhelming success, just as Dick Zanuck and the rest of them. When they saw the rough cut, they were all salivating. I know now what happened, I really do. The worst thing I could have done was to have gone out and sold the picture with

Scott Eyman is a regular contributor to Take One *(interviews with Mae West, William Clothier, Henry Hathaway), and despite his increasing fame* still *lives in Euclid, Ohio.*

my Old Lady (Edy Williams). My fans expected a certain kind of picture, something wild and bizarre like **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls**. I should have sent out **The Seven Minutes** with somebody dignified like Yvonne De Carlo and used a more sedate approach. I turned off the audience for the picture and my usual audience didn't go. The first night was packed, the second night half full and the third night there were seven people in the audience.

Fox was terrified of getting another X rating, so I made it an R, which was a mistake. There were some good things in it, but a lot of garbage, exposition that should have been excised. A lot of it was in the writing; I should have gotten Roger Ebert, who did **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls**; Roger laughs at the same things I do. He's into big tits too.

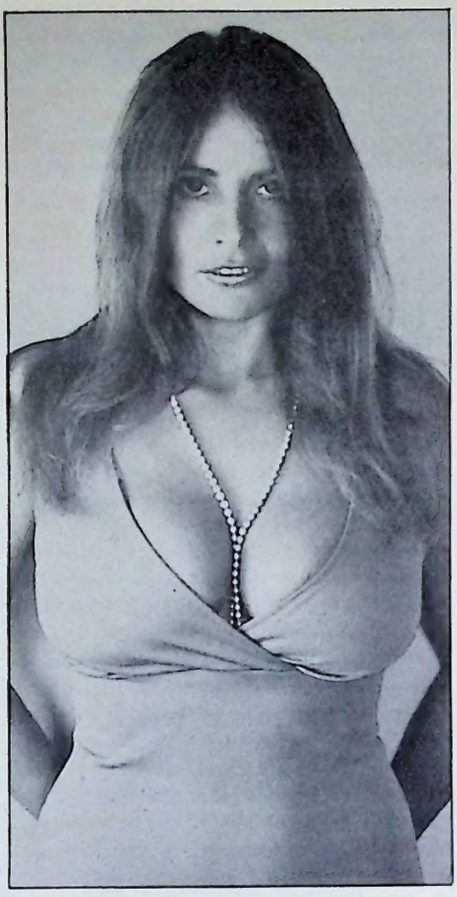
After the Fox films I was awash in my own vomit. A number of things happened: The Supreme Court's 5-4 decision, an uptight situation in my own marriage, my continued fat head, a lot of things. Just after **The Seven Minutes** was released, Zanuck got booted out and went over to Warners; I went with him. Then Zanuck got into a power struggle with John Calley. He and Calley were the two vice-presidents under Ted Ashley. But then **Klute** came along, which was Calley's picture, so they decided to kick Zanuck out again. As part of his stable, I was asked to leave; the way they told me was to paint out my name on my office door. Zanuck went over to Universal where he's been sticking it to them ever since. I thought about going with him, but I don't think I'd fit in over there. Universal is PG at the worst, you know?

Anyway, after that I decided to make **Blacksnake** on my own. It was a period picture that I thought would have an appeal to Blacks, an interesting premise, shoot it in Panavision... Right down the tubes. Lost a lot of my own money, some friends' money and further alienated my Old Lady because I wouldn't put her in the film. We're divorced now.

Then I decided to do **Supervixens**, which is, thankfully, doing very well.

I photographed, wrote, edited and directed **Supervixens** because I wanted total control; I wanted to do the umbilical thing again, to see if I could still cut it at age 53. I mean, since this is all my money I might as well take it all the way. Dubbing alone cost me $28,000 and lab costs are very heavy. Work prints, opticals, titles, negative processing adds up to $75,000. I pay my people well, order 50 prints and the whole thing adds up to $400,000. That's a lot of money.

Next time though, I'm going to simplify it. I'm going to shoot it silent and dub in all the lines. It's silly to lug this enormous Mitchell camera up a mountain every day and not be able to use any of the direct sound because the actors have to step on gravel. I'm going to get a couple of Arriflexes and strip it down to the essentials.



Uschi Digard, star of Supervixens

It's going to be a good movie; six people who are all fucking each other without any of them being aware of each other's existence. Four women, two men. Strictly heterosexual, except I'm going to have a black chick make it with a white dildo. She's a truckdriver, so nobody'll mind. I'm going to call it **Russ Meyer's Up**! It's all marvelously excessive. I'm going to get into what I'm doing very heavily. I'm going to do the ultimate sexual parodies, the ultimate violence parodies. I enjoy obsessive grossness.

I think I'm entering upon my richest period; I've overcome that entire hard-core thing; **Supervixens** proves that. When hard-core was at its peak, I was making R-rated tragedies, two of them. Losers.

Hard-core porno — and I don't put it down — is not the way to go for anybody that wishes to make pictures that can play legitimate theatres and enjoy a really big profit. People who go to hard-core go to a specific kind of theatre. People who go to see my movies go to the same theatres where they'll see **Tommy** or **Funny Lady**. I'm in direct competition with the Majors.

You see, in order to attract a wide audience you have to do something that's palatable to a female, and woman, in her most vulnerable state, is not very attractive for a woman to look at.

My Old Lady and I went to see **Deep Throat** and it fucked her up for a week. She wouldn't go down on me anymore and she's a sex freak, for God's sake. I don't think it was the act itself, but the fact that she saw herself in a very secondary position, almost in mute supplication, servicing the male. And pictured in a way that's most unflattering. Of course, they say that the picture was great therapy and everybody's now out cocksucking like mad, but I question that.

I don't get anywhere near as much flack from the Women's Lib thing as I'd like. They always expect some shambling slob in a pool of drool. Whenever I do get involved with any feminist groups, they're always very surprised that I can cope with anything they can throw at me. The trouble with those confrontations is that they're so contrived and the people are so angry. Easy pickings.

A few weeks ago, I was showing **Supervixens** in Austin and one girl went into a long diatribe about my filthy sexist propaganda, my fetish about big breasts, the whole list. I asked her to step out of the shadows, which she did, and then I said, "You're much more attractive than I'd thought you'd be." Well, she lost all control, yelled that I ought to have a stick of dynamite shoved up *my* ass, and stormed out, which is exactly what I figured she'd do. No sense of humour. Those female liberationists are mostly a pretty linty bunch, like they slept in their sweaters.

I personally will never make a hard-core picture. That would be the end of the line, just what people have expected me to do. I know Radley Metzger, for reasons of his own, is now doing them, and Metzger made the most erotic films I've ever seen. But he made **Little Mother** and **Score**, which was very heavily into bi-sexuality, and they both bombed. Maybe he decided to make some money again; I don't know, but it's not for me.

Oh, maybe when I'm ready for my swan song I might do something with pigs, goats, elephants and pole-line construction men throwing themselves off of Coit Tower and impacting on a mattress, but it would take a series of really massive failures to push me that far. It would be very sad; perhaps I'd open a bar-restaurant near the mountains so I could get some fishing done. I can't conceive of myself ever quitting, though; more than anything else, I would like audiences to find humour in what I do. I'm into the female form and I think my audiences are too, but I think of myself as basically a humorist and I think there's a large new audience for my kind of film. I'm a great admirer of Mel Brooks, for instance. I didn't think **Blazing Saddles** was worth shit, but **Young Frankenstein** was wonderful — genre parody as well as it's ever been done.

Besides, there's a great security in knowing that, if you make a film for three or four hundred thousand, you can't help but make out unless you're a total fool. Maybe I won't make eight million bucks anymore, but I'll make enough to keep my hand in, to stay in the game. And staying in the game's very important, you know?

Dovshenko – An Unsung Genius?

by Larry Smith

The name of Alexander Dovshenko has become a largely academic one. His is a name which film students tick off when the subject of the Russian cinema comes up. He's part of a kind of litany: Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Vertov, Dovshenko, but it is Eisenstein's films which are usually shown, and Eisenstein's books that are usually read. The rest is history: dead names, dead films, fodder for the endless stream of textbooks which ooze out of the cinema industry. This is doubly unfortunate since the one great virtue of Dovshenko's films is their vitality, their organic presence, the fact that they are *living*. And these living works have become a staple of such a moribund thing as cinematic academicism!

Even in the academic area, however, Dovshenko has gotten the short end of the stick. Eisenstein's books are deadly, yet constantly used — and the amount of critical response to Eisenstein in both books and even television is encyclopedic. Similarly, there is no dearth of written information and analysis of Pudovkin and Vertov, even though those two gentlemen's films are under-shown. In contrast, the volume of material about Dovshenko is miniscule — though what there is is duly laudatory. A few years ago Dovshenko's journal was published, and went quickly out of print. At present you can't even find it at the gargantuan Lincoln Center theater collection.

It might be argued that Dovshenko only made two films of recognized stature, **Earth** and **Arsenal**, an output which doesn't justify concentrated critical attention. And yet how many films of unimpeachable quality did Eisenstein make?: **Potemkin**, for one, and **Alexander Nevsky**, and maybe **Ivan the Terrible, Pt.1. Nevsky**, on the other hand, was seen by no less an admirer than Dwight MacDonald as a sell-out to Stalin. That leaves one film, maybe two. And Pudovkin?: **The End of St. Petersberg** and **The Mother**. That's two. And Vertov?: **The Man With the Movie Camera**. That's one.

Dovshenko, moreover, produced a third film called **Zvenigora**; it was his first, and it's an unqualified masterpiece — one of those cinematic masterpieces that some people have heard of and no one's seen. **Earth** and **Arsenal** have played in New York, for example, but I am aware of only one screening of **Zvenigora**, which I was lucky enough to catch, at the Harvard Epworth Church in Cambridge. That church has, in its own modest way, surpassed even the Museum of Modern Art in running unheralded, undeniable masterpieces: **Zvenigora**, Ozu's **Floating Weeds** (two years before the NYC Cultural Center ran it), Renoir's **The Little Match Girl**, etc.

Zvenigora was filmed in 1928, and first presented to a select group of Soviet artists and intellectuals, including Eisenstein. Eisenstein, infinitely more interested in the development of Russian cinema than he was in personal aggrandizement, was ecstatic over it, and gave it two or three pages in one of his books. He was impressed by its daring, by the fact that no other film had ever covered a thousand years with one central character throughout, by its facile, unselfconscious avant-gardism. Indeed, the film does extend through a millenium; the central character is an old Ukrainian who personifies the earth itself, and the peasantry which works the earth. By the end of the film that old man has learned to accept the coming of industrialization in the form of a train. His original response had been hostile, incendiary; as we move to the present period, however, the union of the peasant and the machine, the old and the new, earth and technology, is consummated.

Of course this is all very akin to Marxist philosophy, to the dialectic of history. Dovshenko's camera likewise parallels this movement. The opening frames, set in some mythic past, are inordinately slow; as history moves forward, the camera picks up speed, a cinematographic correlative to the acceleration of history. Dovshenko thus accomplishes what Eisenstein accomplished: a union of form and content, of technique and dialectical materialism. In Eisenstein, montage functions to synthesize two disparate shots, thus representing the dialectical process of history itself. Dovshenko does it differently, but the same conjunction is implied. The camera moves like history itself.

Unlike Eisenstein, however, Dovshenko is not content to create a dialectical picture of a particular event. As he moves through history, he throws in everything but the kitchen sink. One episode is fundamentally different from another both in style and content. Dovshenko is looser in his "historical camera" than Eisenstein. He doesn't have to integrate every shot. In fact he can't. Eisenstein's montage is rooted in time; the whole presupposition of **Zvenigora** is an imaginative leap whereby one can look down and see a thousand years. The unifying principle is the old man, forever recurring and responding to changes in historical situation;

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Originally from Ohio, Larry Smith lives now in what used to be New York City. His articles have appeared before in Take One *and* The Boston Phoenix. *He is presently compiling a volume of short fiction.*

Reagan Stalks "The Big One"

In which a former beefcake aspires to the highest office in the land

by Patrick McGilligan

Like Henry Kissinger, who has admitted his secret fantasy of being John Wayne, Ronald Reagan is still playing the movie cowboy — running for President like a wary, right-wing gunslinger. It's impossible to observe the Reagan-for-President road show without thinking reflexively of his years as a Hollywood movie star. Reagan clearly has his act together, the patter talk, the strategic statistic, the hilarious punchline about the welfare mother vacationing in the Bahamas, delivered like a sheriff's quick-draw. Same grinning speech, every hamlet. To no other Presidential candidate — including born-again Jimmy Carter — does the public effusion, the klieg-lights, the hand-shaking rituals and, yes, the autographs, appear so natural. Reagan has been rehearsing for 40 years. Oscar has eluded him, "B" movies have drained his glamour. But now he is a movie star once again, playing all the roles he was never actor enough for in Hollywood: a Gary Cooper in **High Noon**, "eyeballing" the Russians on Angola, shooting it out with "tin-horn dictators" at the Panama corral.

The supporting cast is stellar. James Cagney, James Stewart and John Wayne are three old warhorses who have endorsed their old friend, the Governor. Stewart travelled with Reagan during the Indiana, South Carolina and Texas (appearing together at the Alamo) primaries, warming up the crowds; the Duke has made several radio and television commercials backing Reagan-for-President. Other Hollywood notables clambering aboard the bandwagon include Merle Oberon, Efrem "FBI" Zimbalist Jr., Ken Curtis and Milburne Stone from television's *Gunsmoke*, producer Hal Wallis, Gilbert Roland, Robert "Untouchables" Stack, Pat Boone and former Miss America Mary Ann Mobley. What an irony that Ronald Reagan has topbilling among this crew — it was Sam Goldwyn, according to Hollywood legend, who reacted with typical astonishment in 1966, when informed that Ronald Reagan was then running for Governor of California. "Hell, no!" Goldwyn supposedly exclaimed, "Errol Flynn for Governor, Ronald Reagan for Lieutenant Governor!" Goldwyn points a moral: Reagan was so invariably the true-blue sidekick in undistinguished "B" movies that, at first, it was difficult for anyone in Hollywood to consider him seriously as a competent leading man, much less a President. Nobody, in 1937, when Reagan signed the standard seven-year contract with Warner Brothers, expected a two-bit actor to metamorphose into presidential timber.

Patrick McGilligan, author of Cagney: The Actor as Auteur, *thinks Ronald Reagan is a dangerous right-winger and a terrible actor.*

February, New Hampshire

Ronald Reagan likes to say that the Federal Communications Commission made a mistake when, citing the need for equal time by his opponents, it banned his old movies from showing on television during the current Presidential campaign. "I've made some movies that, if they put them on television," he says, savoring the clincher, "I'd demand equal time!" Ha, ha, ha. Reagan rarely — and with great calculation — mentions his Hollywood career, but he never fails to rouse (laughter, applause) a listless crowd when he does.

Lynn Nofziger was telling me this as we bounced along an icy New Hampshire road on the Reagan-for-President campaign bus.

Pudgy and balding, Nofziger does not look like the smooth political functionary he is — one of the ablest men in the Reagan brain trust. Easy-going, genuinely friendly, he organized the prestige states (New Hampshire, California etc.) for Reagan, making every decision down to the ham-and-

"Some day, when things are tough, maybe you can ask the boys to go in there and win just once for the Gipper!"
— *Ronald Reagan in* ***Knute Rockne.***

cheese sandwiches for lunch. He is the man who shuttles local press back to sit with the candidate for five-minute briefings — any longer encourages unfriendly questions — between whistle-stops. Nofziger himself cannot exactly remember the titles of Reagan's movies, but he does recall admiring the actor, when Reagan was still a star, in the post-World War II euphoria of the 1940s — Reagan's heyday at the box-office.

"Does being an ex-movie star affect Reagan's chances?"

"I'll tell you this," Nofziger said, without blinking, "It helps more than it hurts."

Chewing on an unlit cigar, Nofziger tells me the story of a woman in Florida — she swore proudly that Reagan had made one of his movies on-location in her hometown. And another voter in Florida — he swore that his wife danced with Reagan when the actor was still an Air Force cadet. Reagan never made a movie in Florida and he was never an Air Force cadet but honestly, shrugs Nofziger, what is there to do but shake hands warmly and keep smiling?

"Was it Reagan who secretly requested the FCC ruling?"

"No!" he snapped, momentarily angry, "We were upset. It was an insult to the voters of this country. What does the FCC think? That people are going to vote for Ronald Reagan merely because they liked him in the movies?"

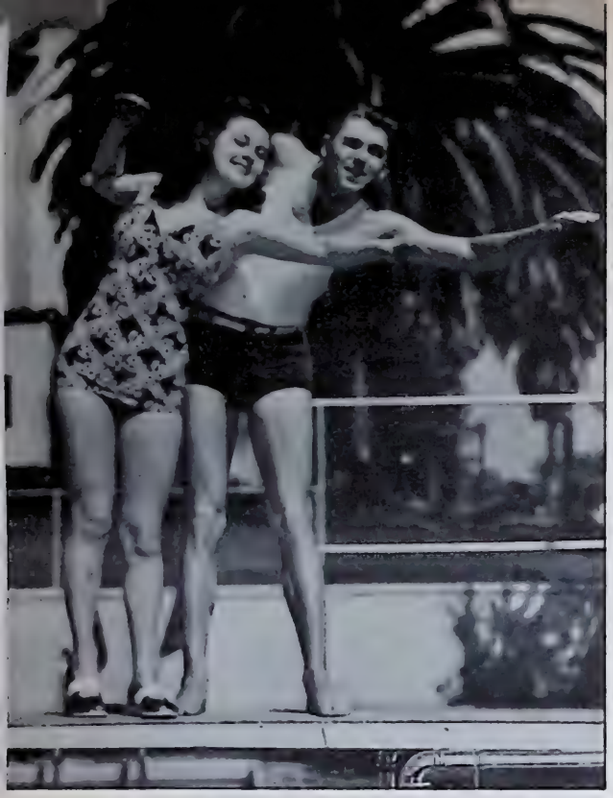
* * * * *

Today, it is tough to remember any of the roughly 50 Ronald Reagan movies made between 1937 and 1964, the forgettable Reagan of such pictures as **Going Places** (1938), **Nine Lives Are Not Enough** (1941), **She's Working Her Way Through College** (1952) etc. Bogart, Brando and the Marx Brothers have countless film festivals dedicated to their careers; Reagan has none. Even Alice Faye has a book devoted to her films; Reagan has none. His movies are so obscure that several books must be consulted simply to figure out how many he actually made. Seeing them — thanks to the FCC — is another problem altogether. But they are his fame, and worth a bit of digging — for the Ronald Reagan movies are the missing link between actor and candidate.

Long before Ronald Reagan became the ascendant right-wing darling of American politics, he was, in Hollywood, something of a cultural reactionary, cultivated as a patriot in image and style.

Nicknamed "Dutch," he was a gangling radio announcer from Illinois, whose sports broadcasts attracted a national following, when he made a screen test at Warner Brothers in 1937. Four days after signing a contract, Reagan appeared in his first movie, **Love Is On the Air** (1937), directed by Nick Grinde, playing a brash, irrepressible radio announcer who broadcasts "hot news right off the griddle." Low-budget and formula, the movie cast Reagan in the Warner Brothers tradition: a crusader who smashes a ring of racketeers by broadcasting their crimes. The movie has all but vanished today. When I visited the Warner Brothers archives at the University of Wisconsin, the reels were still bound in the original tape — no one had watched the picture, incredibly, since its deposit at the UW one decade ago.

The youthful performer (he was only 26) in **Love Is On the Air** bears an uncanny resemblance to the political Reagan today. Then as now, Reagan walks with a hunkering, self-conscious stride, swinging his limbs awkwardly (the unmistakable sign of a mediocre actor, a discomfort with his hands). His emotional gamut seems limited to an annoyingly recurrent gosh-and-golly smile, a great big neighborly smile that occasionally flashed at precarious moments (as he is being fired in **Love Is On the**



Swimming along with Susan Hayward

Air). It's a too, too-fleshy smile, slightly off-center, that he still beams to advantage on the campaign trail, casting his eyes downward with mock-humility like a perfect 8 x 10 glossy photograph. The checkered sports coat he often wears today appears preserved from a Warner Brothers musical in those early days.

Reagan was different, all right. Second generation at Warner Brothers, he was taller, upright and handsome, an entirely new beast in the stock company. The Hays Office censors and the years of bitter Depression took their toll on the proletarian Warner Brothers. Bogart, Cagney and Edward G. Robinson were squat, city-smart, pug-ugly and against the law. Reagan, with his lopsided grin and aw-shucks manner, inaugurated a new wave, a new righteousness, the smug patriotism of the Forties. Warner Brothers specialized in gangsters and molls, upstarts and downbeats — the anti-heroes of the American screen. But Reagan, more Forties loyalist than Thirties rebel, unwaveringly impersonated the hero. He played crusading attorneys (**Girls On Probation**), crime-busting government agents (**Smashing the Money Ring**, **Secret Service of the Air**, **Murder in the Air**), record-setting athletes (**Knute Rockne**, **The Winning Team**), freedom-loving soldiers (**Desperate Journey**, **This Is the Army**, **John Loves Mary**, **Prisoner of War** etc.) and even conscientious scientists (**Night Unto Night**).

It was an all-American, boy-next-door image, expressed largely as a physical ideal. Six-foot-one, 180 pounds, Reagan was broad-shouldered, with a 32-inch waist and a 41-inch chest; his chestnut hair was parted originally to the left and, significantly, after a few movies, austerely to the right. Reagan himself, in his autobiography (*Where's the Rest of Me?* ghosted by scriptwriter Richard G. Hubler), says he was "welcomed like a piece of prime beef" at his screen test. He quotes casting director Max Arnow's incredulous words: "Are those your shoulders?" Old *Photoplay* and *Movie Mirror* magazines abound with beefcake Reagan photos; a typical *Motion Picture* profile is headlined "New Answer to Maiden's Prayers." Often, along with the photos, were the stories about Mr. Nice Guy, soft-spoken Ronnie Reagan who never raised his voice except to argue politics, who never caused dissension at Warner Brothers (no small boast, since many Warner Brothers stars, notably Cagney and Bette Davis, were continually bolting over the feudal contractual terms). The fanzines of the Forties were crammed with photos — more photos than articles — of the poised Reagan, smiling imperturbably into the hearts and minds of millions of unsuspecting fans.

With **Love Is On the Air**, Reagan began modestly, grinding out pictures so swiftly that today he likes to joke that they began shooting on Wednesday and wrapped on Friday. Unceremoniously, he was assigned to producer Bryan Foy's prolific "B" unit, there to make short, unambitious programmers suitable as second features on a Warners double-bill. Columnists dubbed him the poor-man's Errol Flynn. The movies were anything but distinguished.

Reagan even had his own shoestring series in neighborhood theaters, all but forgotten today. In three different potboilers, he portrayed a U.S. Treasury agent named "Brass," whose adventures included smashing a gang of counterfeiters, halting the illegal flow of aliens and battling a crook in monk's clothing. One of the pictures (**Secret Service of the Air** in 1939) — which was based on the actual memoirs of U.S. Secret Service Chief H.W. Moran — is so middling that it is the only one of his movies that Reagan himself has so far never seen.

Rarely did Reagan work with the best Warners directors, and when he did, it was usually the occasion for something like Michael Curtiz' **Santa Fe Trail** (1940), a hopelessly muddled slice of history. Reagan played an earnest, unflamboyant George Armstrong Custer to Errol Flynn's heroic Jeb Stuart; with Phil Sheridan, James Longstreet, George Pickett and John B. Hood, all members of the West Point class of 1854, they tracked down the dastardly abolitionist John Brown — and executed him, albeit with gentlemanly reluctance. Considerably more impressive is Edmund Goulding's **Dark Victory** (1939), in which socialite Bette Davis went blind and perished, despite all sorts of noble medical efforts by brain surgeon George Brent. Reagan played only a minor role, a suitor, in this lavish production. But perhaps he was subliminally influenced by the prestige success, so early in his career, of this crocodile-tears tragedy. For, later in his life, his most substantial roles were associated with some bizarre physical tragedy. It was the one curious quirk in an otherwise wholesome career — always the cheap flaw, the fate-ordained tragedy with which to cheat audience sympathy.

Consider, for example, the two movies for which Reagan is best-remembered — as gridiron star George Gipp in **Knute Rockne — All-American** (1940), and as roustabout Drake McHugh in **King's Row** (1942), arguably his best performance (he was nominated for a Best Supporting Actor award). Gipp (Reagan) is a callow, smarmy freshman who is chewing dreamily on a blade of grass when he is first spotted by Notre Dame football coach Rockne (Pat O'Brien). "Take the ball and run..." barks the coach. And Gipp dances down the field, side-stepping tacklers with ease. "I guess the boys are just tired," Gipp cracks. Sure enough, the Gipper shortly becomes the star player on the team, revealing himself as humble and decent and clean in the process. But he also reveals a congenital cough, and dies in the veritable bloom — not before a win-just-once-for-Gipper speech that, repeated in the locker-room later by Coach Rockne, has echoed tearfully down movie-memory lane. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, the movie has dated poorly, and is an agony to watch today. But Reagan has a fresh and honest appeal. It was his first major role in a first-unit production — and it nominated Reagan to full stardom.

King's Row, another tale of woe, cinched it. An old-fashioned, overblown Peyton Place sort of a movie, directed by Sam Wood, **King's Row** was enormously popular in its day. Reagan played Drake McHugh, a devil-may-care Romeo whose best friends include a Freudian specialist (Robert Cummings)

and a sweet, other-side-of-the-tracks adventuress (Ann Sheridan). A horrible train accident occurs, and McHugh (Reagan) awakes to discover his legs amputated by a lunatic surgeon (who does not appreciate philandering). With the bedside melodramatics of **Knute Rockne**, it is the most famous moment in Reagan's unfamous cinema. Still today, he enjoys telling how he motivated himself for the painful scene. Consulting physicians, psychologists and disabled people did not help. Rehearsing before a mirror did not help. Only after a prop man cut a hole in the mattress to conceal Reagan's legs — and the scene slowly approached, as he lay there — did a "cauldron of emotions" begin "to terrify me." Reagan's stunned line — "Where's the *rest* of me?" — became not only the title of his ghosted autobiography, but also the tacit motif of his career.

Tragedy piled upon misfortune. Playing, of all things, a veterinarian in **Stallion Road** (1947), Reagan contracts anthrax after a frightened but well-meaning horse kicks him. Epilepsy strikes in **Night Unto Night** (1949), a tolerable soap opera directed by Don Siegel, in which Reagan plays a hopelessly ill scientist in the Florida Keys. Epilepsy again (diagnosed vaguely, since Warner Brothers was worried about box-office impact) is the curse in **The Winning Team** (1952), a sweet-natured vehicle with Reagan playing ailing Hall of Fame pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander opposite Doris Day. Reagan built an entire livelihood out of dark victories and winning just once for the Gipper. His one severe disappointment in Hollywood, according to a well-worn movie legend, is that he never got to play the part of baseball pitcher Monty Stratton — whom Reagan deeply admired. James Stewart got the part. Monty Stratton had only one leg.

But even calamity can get tiresome — and Reagan marked his most versatile decade in the 1940s, after **King's Row**. He was re-teamed with Ann Sheridan for **Juke Girl** (1942), a disappointing social-consciousness yarn starring Reagan as the two-fisted spokesman for downtrodden migrant workers (a rare, and unlikely, role). Raoul Walsh directed him, again as Errol Flynn's sidekick, in the WWII-resistance melodrama **Desperate Journey** (1942). He was tapped for the plum comic part of a lovestruck soldier in Irving Rapper's **Voice of the Turtle** (1947), the hit Broadway play by John Van Druten that flopped on the screen. Ex-Rep. Senator George Murphy played his father in the Irving Berlin WWII-musical of 1943, **This Is the Army** (then *really* in the Army, Reagan was billed as "Lt. Ronald Reagan"). And present-Ambassador to Ghana Shirley Temple, then a teenager, played a fatherless youth suspected of being Reagan's illegitimate daughter in one of Hollywood's most preposterous comedies, **That Hagen Girl** (1947). (A scene in which Reagan actually confesses his "love" for the budding Little Miss Marker was cut after disastrous previews — and the ending, with Ronnie and Shirley climbing aboard a train together, therefore made little sense. "You are left to guess," mused Reagan in his autobiography, "as to whether we are married, just traveling together, or did I adopt her?")

Reagan's star dipped as suddenly as it rose. Drab and gawky — only strong when directed well (which wasn't often) — his persona, like his politics, is irremediably rooted to a certain World War II sensibility of the past. Too stiff, too eager to please, he was "a bit on the colourless side," in the words of one Hollywood fan magazine, "lacking fire or whatever you call that 'something' which really big stars have, or appear to have, and others lack." By the end of the decade, his popularity at the box-office began to wane — Reagan was already passé.

Workhorse that he was, he threw himself into union activity for the Screen Actor's Guild (SAG), being elected to the first of several terms as president after his discharge from the Army. Actress Jane Wyman, Reagan's first wife, filed unexpectedly for divorce in 1947, complaining that Reagan's growing SAG involvement consumed so much time that there was "nothing left to sustain our marriage." Shortly thereafter, Reagan met his second wife, Nancy Davis, a woman with a more compatible political temperament — she was introduced to Reagan by director Mervyn LeRoy, when she complained to LeRoy about pro-Communist literature being shoved under her door. (An actress of minor renown, Nancy Davis appeared in one movie with husband Reagan, a long-lost little trifle called **Hellcats of the Navy**, released in 1957.) It was during these last uncertain years of the 1940s that Reagan began the slow transition to politics — switched his party affiliation from Democratic to Republican, became obsessed with the "dangers" of Communism. While president of SAG, he did everything possible to assist the House Un-American Activities Committee's anti-Red witchhunt in Hollywood (short of confessing himself).

The Warner Brothers contract lapsed in 1949. The movies stretched fewer and further between. Paunchy, aging, Reagan could no longer play the romantic male ingenue and he had the range for little else. For the dribblings of a career in the 1950s, he graced a strange variety of motion pictures. Whimsical comedies, anti-commie potboilers, vehicles for newcomer Doris Day, saddle-sore Westerns, and two mildly-entertaining features directed by Allan Dwan, **Cattle Queen of Montana** (1955) and **Tennessee's Partner** (1955). Before 1949, when he quit Warner Brothers, Reagan had appeared in 36 movies in 13 years; as a freelancer, he would appear in only 13 movies during the next 13 years.

Other movie stars held out against the onslaught of television until well into the 1960s, but Reagan caved in early, and he caved in with a vengeance. Unable to get work in the motion picture industry, he signed for regular appearances on television, becoming the first prominent (he was still president of SAG) example of a cross-

Reagan is third from left (top)
The beefcake days (bottom)

over star. For eight years, he hosted the *General Electric Theater* series, occasionally acting in episodes — criss-crossing the country meanwhile as company spokesman, speaking at G.E. factories, honing that capitalism-is-great speech still integral to the repertory today. Then he donned a ten-gallon-hat and introduced Western folklore on television's *Death Valley Days*. It was a whole other career, a resurrection. To a new generation of television addicts, Reagan became familiar as a spokesman or host, rather than actor, a straight-talking media guru not unlike Monty Hall, Walt Disney or Walter Cronkite. Politically, it was like a blank check.

Reagan made one final movie, certainly his best — **The Killers** (1964), directed by Don Siegel, and co-starring Lee Marvin, John Cassavetes and Angie Dickinson. Made for television by Universal, it was thought too violent (especially in light of the Kennedy assassination), and instead released for theatrical consumption. Taut and brutal, it was actually a remake of the 1946 film of the same name; based on Ernest Hemingway's short story. Reagan plays the only villainous role of his career — the criminal mastermind of the story, a corporation executive who is betrayed by his own hired assassins. Playing against type, with his fading glamour-boy looks, Reagan delivers his most chilling performance. There is irony, as well as terror, in the final, climactic moments of the movie, when he is gunned down a-squirming. It was his last screen catastrophe. Hollywood lost interest in Ronald Reagan, and Ronald Reagan lost interest in Hollywood. Political horizons beckoned.

* * * * *

Row X, High Noon

The back of the bus, chatting with Ronald Reagan. Politically a bore, Reagan turns on the charm when reminiscing about his movies — something he obviously relishes doing. Wrinkled, deep-California-tanned, a complexion that looks buttered in greasepaint, Reagan is not the youngster he is advertised as, but neither is he doddering. Silver patches in the hair, a slight wheeze in the throat. Like all actors, he cannot resist telling his favorite anecdotes over and over again — how he psyched himself for **King's Row**, why he refused to slap Angie Dickinson in the face ("it was too violent") during **The Killers**, etc. Three Secret Service agents listen in with dull smiles.

The actor-cum-candidate lists his favorite pictures: **Knute Rockne**, **King's Row**, **The Winning Team**, **The Hasty Heart** (a sensitive soldier-in-the-hospital melodrama, released in 1949) and **The Girl From Jones Beach** (1949), an innocuous little film with Reagan as a commercial artist in search of the perfect cover girl — schoolteacher Virginia Mayo. These are movies, predictably, in which he is a likeable fellow, often "a gay blade going with the girl on the other side of the tracks," in his own words. "You'd better say devil-may-care," he added quickly, flashing a smile, "'Gay' has a different connotation nowadays."

"Many people," I said, drawing a breath, "think your best movie is **The Killers** — in which you play the villain."

"**The Killers**!" Reagan exclaimed, seeming surprised, "Good lord, there are a few more I thought I shouldn't have made, but especially that one! I always thought **King's Row** was by far the best. For heaven's sakes." He paused and scratched his cheek. "You know, **The Killers** was never a success the first time it was made, when John Huston (sic, Robert Siodmak) di-

Reagan & the Blacklist

The last, *last* Ronald Reagan movie is quintessential stuff: **Hollywood on Trial**, directed by David Helpern, the director of the Nicholas Ray documentary, **I'm A Stranger Here Myself**.

Recently screened at Cannes, and shortly ready for domestic release, **Hollywood on Trial** is also a documentary. Using vintage clips and contemporary interviews, it recounts the story of the Hollywood Ten and the anti-Communist hearings conducted by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) after World War II.

Not surprisingly, Reagan emerges as the key anti-Red spokesman in the movie. Then President of the Screen Actor's Guild (SAG), he became convinced that Communists had infiltrated the industry, hoping to capture the unions and propagandize on the screen. Reagan became, in Sterling Hayden's words (in HUAC testimony), a "one-man batallion" fighting against Communist encroachment in Hollywood.

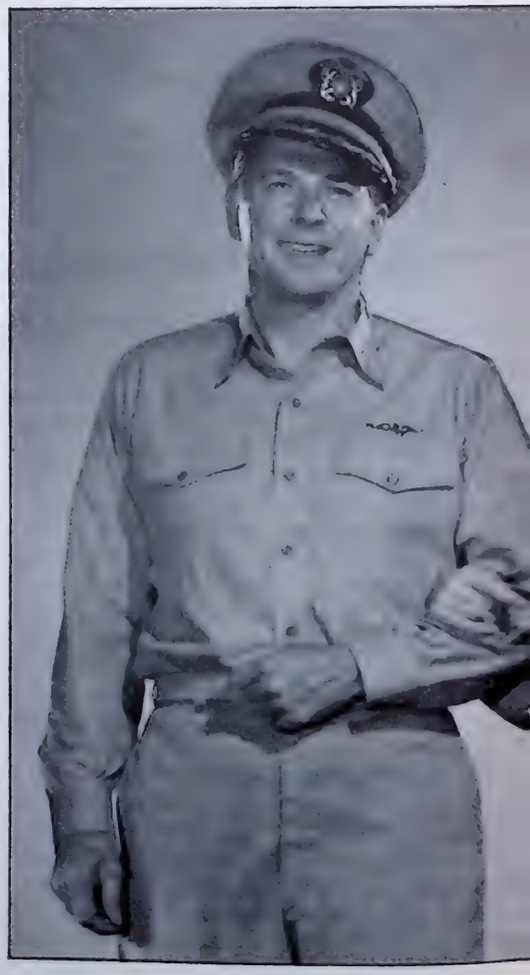
HUAC first descended upon Hollywood after 1947, when a bitter jurisdictional labor strike was brutally suppressed by labor goons and police — the picketline was at Warner Brothers — and rumors of "Communist agitation" convulsed the motion picture industry.

Careers were ruined overnight; seven writers, two directors and one producer went to jail; people were hounded into early graves.

It was not a time of great political sophistication in Hollywood. Reagan, in his autobiography, tells of encountering a grinning Olivia de Havilland at one early clandestine anti-Commie gathering, and exclaiming, "I thought you were one!" and she replying to him, "I thought you were one!"

Legislators fine-combed the studio vaults, vainly searching for evidence of the Party Line, ultimately condemning such guileless movies as **Mission to Moscow** (1943) and **Song of Russia** (1943), produced during America's wartime pact with Russia.

Reagan himself was instrumental in forming the Motion Picture Industry Council, an ostensibly "patriotic" organization that professed to act as a moderating force in the political upheaval. The council gave "unwilling dupes," in Rea-



*Reagan in **Hellcats of the Navy***

rected it. It's one of those pictures in which you have no one to root for. There is no good guy. Everyone is a villain. My definition has always been: if the theatrical show is satisfactory, the audience must have an emotional experience and be able to identify.

"But there is a kind of a frustration in an audience that sees a movie, and there isn't anybody to root for. I always had a feeling about **The Killers**. I had never played a villain, which is the way he (Don Siegel) conned me into playing it. When they say to an actor, you've never played such and such, the guy says, oh boy, I've got to do that. I did it but I had an awful feeling, when the picture came out, that everybody was so used to the other, that all the way through the movie, they were waiting for me to turn and be the good guy. They thought I was going to turn out to be all right."

"Did you," I asked, "work best in any special genre?"

"For enjoyment," Reagan answered, "I must confess that I liked the outdoor type of picture. I've always been a horseman, and I could be persuaded sometimes, even if the script wasn't really good enough to say yes to, if it was the outdoors or a Western or a cavalry-and-Indians type thing, I was all for it. I just enjoyed that kind of shooting, being out on location with horses. At the same time, I had a career interest in it. Finally, when I got free — I was at Warner Brothers 13 very happy years — I got a chance at some of the outdoor pictures, finally. This is why I laugh a little bit today when I keep reading in the press that I was a former cowboy actor. I made only three or four Westerns. I also laugh when I keep reading that I'm the fella who never got the girl because, in almost every picture I ever made, I got the girl!"

"Did you have any special method as an actor?"

Trees and more trees rushed by the window; a woodland road.

"Every actor has his method," Reagan replied quickly, "but I never knew anyone who put much faith in the so-called method school.

"The thing that you can never put into words is that, in acting, playing a role, there's a fine line... so much of what you're doing is the role, the character, and there is so much that is you. In other words, how do you feel, what emotions would you have in this particular situation? No one, I don't care who, has ever been able to define just where that line is. Maybe it shifts back and forward."

"Does being an ex-actor help you in politics?"

"There are things," Reagan said, "in my previous profession that are helpful to what we are doing here — meeting the press, the knowing of those problems, and the ability to communicate. That there is one of the greatest assets of my previous profession, probably. The necessity — not only to the public, but within government itself, in dealing with legislators or others — and the ability, to communicate."

"Does your past Hollywood image — as the likeable, all-American hero — give you an edge?"

"Well, I don't know," Reagan answered slowly, choosing his words. "I think, yes, this: I think there is an awful lot in politics that is made up of people voting simply on the basis of liking someone. I never analyzed it much, but the fact that I played, in their memory, over a period of years, as a likeable person, must have some bearing."

"Do you ever get the urge — the itch — to act again?"

"First of all," he said quickly, "I'm not very happy about the movies they are making nowadays. It isn't just morals with me, I really think they've forgotten one really important ingredient of good theater, that is, the audience's imagination is far superior to anything you can portray. Good theater stimulates their imaginations. Lord, today you show a wedding night by showing two people having a wedding night, with nothing barred...

"I often used to think about getting older when I was a star and I'd see old actors go down the scale of character parts. I dreaded the thought of doing that myself. I never deliberately set out to do what I'm doing, you know. I had to be dragged kicking and screaming — as I say at these stops — into running...

"No, not really," he continued slowly, gazing out the bus window. "It was a great, satisfying and successful career. You know, actors always keep dreaming of the one big movie, the one still to come. It so happens that **King's Row** is the best picture I ever made. But that was always part of the fascination. You always kept dreaming that you had another one coming, and that would be the big one."

Cheers and screams. The Reagan-for-President convoy wheels into the lot of a one-room schoolhouse in upstate New Hampshire. School is dismissed for the day in Reagan's honor. It's SRO. Pink-and-ashen elderly mingle with schoolchildren, the old who remember and the youth who will surely forget.

Reagan strolls self-consciously into the room, the Gipper again (somebody to root for), swinging his arms and shoulders in that terribly boyish way. There is instant recognition, a tremble of waving American flags and an astonishing roar. Who can resist the obvious thought as Reagan's face swings toward the lights, smiling? Here is the aging Hollywood movie star on the comeback trail, dreaming the universal dream of his profession — that last big movie still to come.

gan's words, and others wrongly blacklisted, a chance to clear their names — if they themselves testified before HUAC and named some names.

So many enemies did Reagan make during the course of these events that, for many months, he wore a loaded .32 Smith and Wesson in a shoulder holster — as insurance, he said, against a wave of threats.

When Helpern approached Reagan months ago about **Hollywood on Trial**, the ex-Governor readily agreed to be interviewed.

A small crew visited his Los Angeles office. Others (such as Dalton Trumbo) who are interviewed in the Helpern documentary talk relaxedly as they stroll on the beach or sit cross-legged in an easy chair. Reagan preserves his emotional distance. He sits at a large, tidy desk, flanked by the California and U.S. flags.

Helpern swears — he cannot be sure — that Reagan wore make-up.

Still today, as the Helpern movie reveals, Reagan defends the Hollywood blacklist, saying "this stemmed from the American people."

"As I've said before," he explains, "I don't believe that Hollywood was ever guilty of the so-called blacklist, where behind closed doors people were saying, 'We're not going to use these people'. Good lord, the names on those lists were about as public as anything could be...

"It was a very trying time in Hollywood, and I think Hollywood did very well."

The tones are dulcet, the delivery smooth. In this, the summary movie of his uncelebrated career, the dependable Ronald Reagan gives another competent — but unconvincing — performance.

Selling the Movies

The Golds have a Midas touch

by Lisa Collins

"Our job is to open that movie big on the first day. Nobody's seen the movie, and the critics haven't written their reviews yet, so we have to create interest with an ad that appears maybe two weeks earlier, or a tv spot. Opening day is a test for us. If a picture opens big, we helped do it."

Over the past fifteen years, the Gold Brothers have "helped do it" for over a hundred motion pictures, including **Gypsy**, **Music Man**, **Camelot**, **My Fair Lady**, **Bonnie & Clyde**, **Funny Girl**, **Clockwork Orange**, **The Sting** and **The Exorcist**.

"We're proud of the big movies that people remember. We don't do pornos. And we don't turn down any professionally-made good movies," says Charles Gold with a wry grin. In the process, they have picked up numerous honors and awards for creativity in the field of motion picture advertising. For three years in succession now, for example, the Golds have dominated Hollywood Reporter's "Key Art Awards", and their winners in the past have included such diverse films as **Lady Sings the Blues**, **McCabe & Mrs. Miller** and **The Mind Snatchers**.

It all started when Bill Gold, then an art director at Warner Bros. in New York, was let go by the studio in one of its economy moves. Gold promptly opened a small office in New York and began to handle Warner's poster work on a freelance basis. His brother, Charles, a jazz musician at the time, was asked to join the firm. When Warners moved their offices out to the coast, the firm packed up and moved west, and when — two years later — the studio decided to move its offices back to New York, the Golds were left with no alternatives if they were going to hold onto their one client. Finally tiring of the transcontinental shuttle, the brothers swore never again to be so dependent on one studio and Charles started soliciting other accounts. So they grew and grew, eventually opening offices on Fifth Avenue with a staff of 12 (art directors, artists and copywriters) — working for Warners and just about everybody else in the business as well. Four years ago, when the trend for the major studios to close their New York offices and head for California once again became evident, Charles (the bachelor) moved out to L.A. where he and assistant Mia Chaplin now manage the West Coast operations.

"We continued to grow and still more people came to us out here that we hadn't known — independent producers — and it's been working fine," says Charles. "No time is ever lost. Though most of the film work is done on the coast, we all get involved. All the top illustrators, the really top ones, are in New York and my brother has his hand on that pulse."

Bill Gold Advertising Inc. concerns itself mainly with print advertising, while subsidiary B.G. Charles Inc. creates and produces radio commercials and tv trailers. Yearly, they complete anywhere from 15 to 20 pictures and, though each movie demands its own very emotional involvement, they sometimes have four or five going at once. The preparation of a complete campaign (which takes an average of about four weeks and never less than ten days) starts with a screening of the rough cut of the film, still in its early stages of editing, without sound effects or musical scoring. The Golds are also given a copy of the script. Then, for three weeks, they live that movie — involving themselves with the characters, the actors, the setting, everything. The New York office provides rough sketches to be looked over, and the staff decides which ones will be taken a step further. Decisions are made jointly, with Gold people conferring by phone and sending sketches and other materials back and forth across the country overnight. Of the twenty or more initial sketches, "comprehensives" will be developed on perhaps five or six. These designs — accurate in every detail — are presented to the client, who then chooses one or two that will go to finalized art-work.

"Producers and directors," explains Charles, "are now more than ever involved with okaying art-work. It really depends on the weight of the producer or director. Most of them get involved with the ads and trailers, and some of them have no idea as to what would be good advertising

Lisa Collins is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles whose articles have appeared in Ebony, New Times, *the* Los Angeles Times *and* Amsterdam News.

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FAYE DUNAWAY
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...and they kill people.
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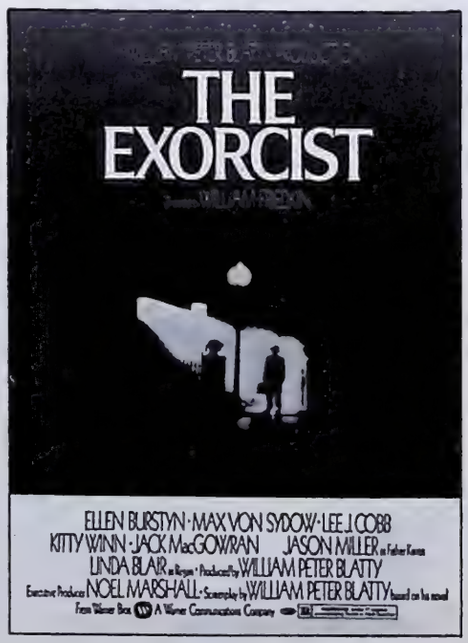

THE EXORCIST
ELLEN BURSTYN · MAX VON SYDOW · LEE J. COBB
KITTY WINN · JACK MacGOWRAN · JASON MILLER
LINDA BLAIR
WILLIAM PETER BLATTY
NOEL MARSHALL
WILLIAM PETER BLATTY
A Warner Communications Company

art for their movie. They'll inevitably pick an ad that's not a good representative piece of work for that movie — that can hurt the movie a great deal. The title of a movie can hurt it — change it and you can get a whole different audience."

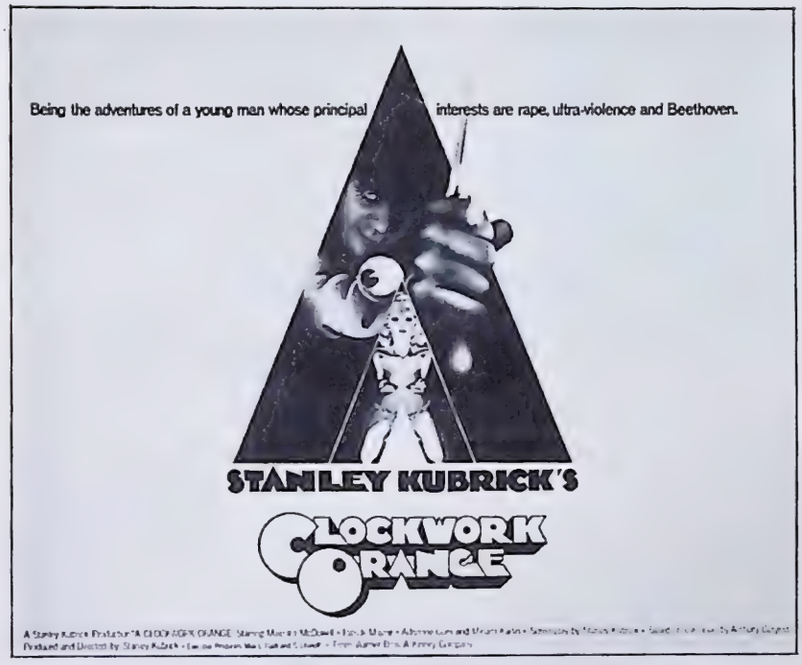
Occasionally, the Golds are contracted to do the trailer for a film they've been working on. An editor is called in and the most exciting scenes are culled from the film's rough cut. Charles Gold's extensive music library — tracing back to his earlier days as a musician — is utilized as he puts the music to the trailer, and Mia Chaplin writes the copy. An actor or actress is usually called in to narrate.

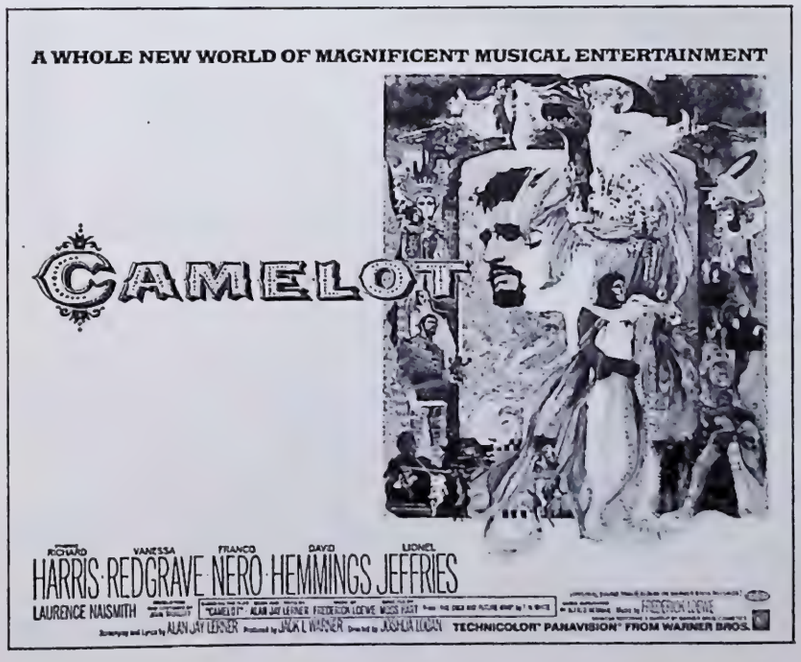
"Sometimes," says Charles, "a movie doesn't do well and, all of a sudden, studios get panicky and want to change to another approach. They may come to us as a last resort. They'll say, 'We need some good advertising — see what you can do.' Most of the time it helps." "Rarely, though, does it pick that business up if it's a bad film. We don't ever advertise a film dishonestly or make a claim that's a lie."

"We do some research on trends, but I guess we just have an innate feeling on what will sell that film. When a picture has a star, that's a value: a Streisand is valuable, Redford, Newman, and Clint. You gotta work around 'em — sometimes that's all you've got. I mean, with Clint, all you need's a picture of him with a gun and you know Dirty Harry's back again. I mean, enough people went to that Dirty Harry movie to want to see **Magnum Force**. On the other hand, **Lady Sings the Blues** was very difficult: Paramount didn't want to show Diana Ross in the ads. The image that people had of Diana Ross was totally different, and they wanted to surprise people as to how much she would look like Billie Holiday."

"Many times, we're approached by producers who know of our work and they say, 'Hey, we can't afford to pay you; can you take a piece of the movie?' We haven't yet — of course, no **Exorcist** has come along. Most of our work comes from major motion picture distributors and the big studios. But we do recruit sometimes. We have mailers made up and send them out. If we see a movie in production that interests us, we'll send the producer a brochure."

In the past, there wasn't that much competition — the Gold Brothers, after all, had pioneered the concept of the "boutique design studio" and the only other game in town were the big agencies who weren't at all specialized in the film field. The Golds looked really good in comparison. "Today," says Charles, "it's changed a lot. There are other art directors, who have graduated out of those agencies, who went on their own and now do the same thing we do. Some excellent work, too. We don't mind, though; it's healthy to compete. Keeps us on our toes."


Being the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven.
STANLEY KUBRICK'S
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE



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Dovshenko

Dovshenko's camera is still paralleling the dialectics of history by modifications in velocity. Yet in between the first, almost painfully slow movements of the primordial period, and the last, speedy frames of the train, there is room for innumerable gradations of style and content.

There is, for example, a long parody of Fritz Lang's **Der Niebelungen.** The old man is telling a story of the mythic past, a past which antedates even the opening of the film. It is a story of carnage, a real *gotterdamerung*. The cinematography is unique, unique to the point where it is hard to determine how he got the effect. He used, presumably, some sort of filter. The effect is a kind of yellowing in which diminished figures seem to be wandering around and killing each other (and each other's horses) inside a murky bubble. The analogy to Lang's film is unmistakable, but the tangible look of it is its own.

This surreal sequence is in pointed contrast to another episode, which is utterly realistic, and savage in its satiric intent. The old man's son has been corrupted. Historically, this son personifies the errant children of the earth who have gone west to be despoiled by capitalism. The son arrives in a western city, perhaps Paris or Berlin, and makes his living by threatening to commit suicide. This threat is issued publicly, and his girlfriend sets him up on a stage, charging admission for the sight of it. Of course it's all a fraud; he never goes through with it, and makes off with the money paid for admission. Apparently he will now travel to another city and repeat the performance. Dovshenko's portrait of this extraordinary bunko operation is the most effective portrait of the decadence of Western Europe in the twenties that I have ever seen, surpassing comparable indictments in Murnau, Sternberg, or Lang. He pans the audience while the young man holds the gun to his head on stage, and comes up with a dazzling portrait of necrophiliac excitement. One spectator, for example, is tearing at her own clothes with her teeth, and widening her eyes in orgasmic frenzy.

One can criticize **Zvenigora** by charging that it's both too ambitious, in its attempt to film all of history, and too expansive. There is insufficient unity; the mere fact of the old man is no more a cohering principle than any actor who stays on stage throughout a performance. That does not mean unity. Similarly, the wildly disparate episodes make **Zvenigora** seem like a garbage heap of images and ideas. At least seven films are contained in this one; as such, **Zvenigora** is not so much a film as it is a notebook for future endeavors.

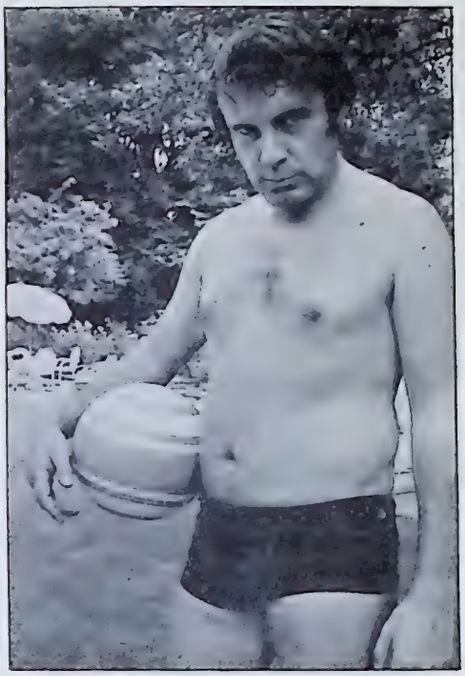
Such criticism is difficult to answer. If, after seeing **Zvenigora**, one feels that it is a mere notebook, no amount of logical remonstrance to the contrary can alter one's impression. But I would say, first of all, that the old man is such a successful incarnation of the Ukrainian earth that he does indeed succeed in giving the film coherence. Second, I would strongly assert that the heterogeneity of the sequences is no mere juxtaposition. There is a poetic logic to it, lent by the constant presence of Dovshenko's voice. **Zvenigora** emerges as a veritably mad-cap romp through the filmmaker's historical psyche. One feels his presence in every sequence, no matter how strangely removed from its predecessor and successor. It is not unfair to say that **Zvenigora** is no more a notebook than is a symphony, which is as radically different in tempo and feeling in one movement as it is in another. And, as with a great symphony, one feels at the end that one has experienced a united whole. The acceptance of technology by the old man lends purpose to all of the vagaries which preceded it; this acceptance makes history itself purposeful by giving it a conclusive, synthesizing dénouement.

I remember an essay by the poet Robert Bly called "Looking for Dragon Smoke" in which he talks about how the real freedom of poetic imagination consists in the explosive transmutation of one image of the poet's psyche into another, superficially different, image. This is not a juxtaposition of images; this is veritable alchemy. Dovshenko achieves this alchemy in **Zvenigora**, but the final product is more affecting than the free verse which Bly demands. Unconstrained alchemy, the incessant exploration of a poetic psyche, gets boring. There must be a context, an overriding form. Once there is, the diversity of imagery within that context becomes all the more persuasive. The most garish bombardment of imagery in underground film can put all but the most committed to sleep. What Dovshenko achieved was the same kind of alchemy as we find in avant-garde art, but it is all circumscribed by the rigorous demands of the historical camera. Dovshenko is a Marxist. Marxism is a science which demands formal logic, if not in the montage of an Eisenstein then in the camera speeds of a Dovshenko and the dialectical demands of history itself. So what then is **Zvenigora**?: a super-developed formal consciousness joined with a super-liberated imagistic imagination.

Of course all that is too much for Soviet bureaucracy. When personal imagination is grafted onto historical necessity, you have what the party hacks call "decadent formalism." A poetic imagination like Dovshenko's must work on the given form, must strengthen it by expanding it, must find in the impersonal dialectics of history a human face and the echo of its own consciousness. You can't do that in Moscow. Dovshenko, like all the others, was therefore doomed.

Forman Talks Cuckoo

Milos Forman talks to Antonin J. Liehm



Milos Forman in a playful mood

One day in 1973 I received Ken Kesey's book *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. This time it arrived in New York from San Francisco, but actually its itinerary was much more complicated, as I later found out. The book was published in 1962 and became first the reading, later the myth, of a whole generation of Americans. During this period the actor Kirk Douglas bought the film rights. Just after he came to Prague, or rather at the Karlovy Vary festival, he had seen my work. We had met and spoken and he had asked me if such a subject would interest me. I said yes and he said he would send me the book. That he did. But the book never arrived. Someone, as was the custom, had received the book before me. He liked it and, in the interest of the State, he kept it. Or he didn't like it at all and was very simply dismayed — in the interest of the State, of course — at the idea of what might happen to me if I should like it. Or, again, it was very simply in the interest of the State that a third person have the book. In any case, a vigilant eye — always and everywhere — watched once again over me, Kirk Douglas and Ken Kesey and it was thus that it miscarried. That time. Later Kirk Douglas — who had created the role of McMurphy on the stage — tried to make the film with Hal Ashby, with Robert Altman and several others. In vain. Finally he abandoned the project and passed the rights on to his son, the actor Michael Douglas. It was he who had sent me the book again, and this time it arrived. Almost ten years late.

The rest wasn't dramatic at all. I quickly understood that I held in my hands some of the most intelligent material I had read in years. But I was wary. Mike Douglas meant Hollywood; and the possible producer, Saul Zaentz, chairman of the board of Fantasy Records, meant simply 'business interests.' And this was a subject neither for Hollywood nor for business. I then left very sceptically to meet them.

But everything turned out in a totally unexpected way. We found from the beginning that we all agreed on the basic conception of the film: not to try to please by dealing only with the elements of the book which had become fashionable. The book was written at the beginning of the great psychedelic wave and it was written from the point of view of the Indian, Chief Bromden, whose mind was always under the influence of drugs — prescribed by the doctor, of course, but drugs just the same. We agreed that the film must get out of the Indian's head and that it must be told objectively. A story in which the Indian is an important character, but at the same time only one of the patients in the hospital ward. Zaentz and Douglas were even ready to make the film with unknown actors, but from the beginning I was of the opinion that McMurphy must be a star. If there ever was a film which needed a star it was this one. The story of a man who comes from a world that we know well into an unknown world. The better we know the one who represents us, that is to say, who represents the world intimately known by us, the sooner we will believe in this unknown world, in this unknown reality. Then, on one side you have the star, that is the known world, and on the other the unknown world, without stars, without known faces.

A single meeting was enough for me to say yes with enthusiasm. And the same went for them.

When one adapts a literary subject, the most important work is done on the first reading. All the rest is only the continuation of the original attitude. That is why the fact that on the first reading I wasn't conscious of the myth which had grown up around Kesey's novel, nor of what this myth signified in the consciousness of the American culture, or better, counter culture, was of decisive importance. Later I read all the existing scripts (including part of a script that Kesey himself had written) and the pirated scenarios. All of them had tried, in respect to the original text, to retain the psychedelic aspect of the thing. If I had in this period known about the book what I know today, I might perhaps have tried something similar. But I had simply read it and treated it like anything else and I found good only that which would serve the film.

To be absolutely honest, I could never understand why Zaentz and Douglas were such fools as to want to make this film. It pleased me enormously, I very much wanted to make it, but why they saw there a commercial possibility remained a mystery for me. Naturally, I didn't say that to them.

Lenny Hauben and I wrote the first version of the scenario in Oregon. We installed ourselves in the same mental hospital where we later shot the film. Each day we would write, but we would also spend a few hours in the wards. We profited doubly from this. First, I learned an enormous amount by looking at the reality with my own eyes. And at the same time this approach helped a great deal to establish the ambience of a reciprocal confidence between us and the administrators of the hospital.

Jack Nicholson, in a way similar to my own, had also arrived at the film by a detour which lasted almost ten years. When he had read the book he was still an unknown actor. Right away he decided to buy the rights, but to his great regret he discovered that it would not be he who would create the character of McMurphy on the screen. The rights had been sold. But ten years later, it was, in spite of everything, his.

For me Jack was naturally the number one choice. But we were ready to begin

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shooting in the Spring of 1974 and he was booked until the Fall. To wait or not to wait? A more than crucial choice, because no one much wanted to postpone again a project which had already miscarried so many times. Finally it was decided to wait. Today I can't imagine that the role could have been interpreted by anyone else. Naturally, the whole world wanted to create the character of McMurphy. In contrast, no one wanted to do Nurse Ratched. Five stars had sent us packing. They were: Anne Bancroft, Ellen Burstyn, Coleen Dewhurst, Angela Lansbury and Geraldine Page. But even that was just as well.

The two attitudes were a surprise for me. Why did so many male stars wish to play the role? They ought to have taken into account that it would be a great risk. An extremely popular character can become very disagreeable on the screen. The mechanism of the cinema is so different from the literary or theatrical mechanism. Everything there is stylized, while on the screen the same thing may even be repugnant. On the other hand, Nurse Ratched, totally black, as far as her character, in the book, could become an agreeable surprise on the screen. I was certain any actress would want to interpret the role. But no.

My first experience of working with a star of the first rank was rather pleasant. But as a "superstar" Jack Nicholson isn't perhaps actually a typical case. He didn't carry any of the disagreeable disadvantages of a star, and, on the other hand, he brought us all the advantages. His prestige also raised the prestige of the project immensely; in a single stroke things became easier. The original budget was about 1.5 million dollars. The moment Jack became part of the project everything took on other dimensions and the film finally cost more than four million. Without having to change my conception of the way in which I wanted to make the film and in which I did make it, I had, at one blow, 2.5 million more for everything. That meant more time, a larger choice, and better quality. Thus all the agreeable things which a star is able to bring you.

Nicholson himself — that was an extraordinary experience. We have known each other for a long time, we are friends, thus we didn't have to lose time and uselessly waste energy trying out one another. He probably became a star despite everything and everyone. The moment he begins to work, he becomes a servant; he knows the story, he knows the film, he arrives each day prepared to perfection, he is interested in an excellent ambience and he helps to create it. In a totally natural way he assumes the same discipline as any other actor. And he even has a tendency to assume more for he knows that it will make him still better. He is perhaps the only one of the great stars of today — with the probable exception of Marlon Brando — who isn't afraid of risks. Whoever becomes a star begins immediately to repeat well-tested 'sure things.' He takes on every strained trick, he runs back to the sure ways which have won him his star status. He is afraid to put himself in front of the camera in a vulnerable state. With Jack it is exactly the opposite. He gives you back the possibility of making a film and not of photographing a star. He doesn't demand any privileges; he doesn't tell anyone how to photograph him, what angle to take, etc. He literally has a horror of selling guaranteed qualities. To get him to show his smile, that is a real struggle. The fact that he took such a long time becoming a star has contributed to the fact that today he is a professional almost beyond human possibilities. One can shoot the same scene with him where he first recites a written text, then improvises on it, and then attempts to fix the improvisation. When one has shot all that, on the screen you don't see the difference. It is all equally true and spontaneous.

Moreover, he has another gift, he knows how to immediately make contact with his entourage, with the other actors, with the entire crew. This was extraordinarily important especially in our case. Imagine that one is confined for 11 weeks in such a cheerful place as a psychiatric hospital in Oregon, where it only rains, where one doesn't peep out of the fog. It would only have been normal that people should begin to give way. And it was precisely Jack on whom all depended, who helped us to avoid this danger. With a real brio he led the whole world with him — as a man and as an actor. During all this time between the two of us there was only a single explosion of temper. We sometimes disagreed, of course; he loved to test whether the director was only pretending, or if he really knew, what he wanted. That is normal. But only once did it really explode. Then it was better than ever.

As far as the others, I had to take care of the casting much more than in all my preceding films. But the problems were also more complicated. The audience follows on the screen for more than two hours exactly 18 characters, the patients in a hospital ward. They don't all have roles that are engaging enough to draw attention to their faces. And the spectator mustn't confuse them. I saw more than 900 actors (except for the Indian, Chief Bromden, all of the 18 are professionals). Each of those that I chose had to have very pronounced characteristics so that one would not mix them up, and at the same time the spectator had to believe that these were psychically deranged people — without their sinking for a single instant into caricature.

This is the first time that I have made a feature film without my chief Czech cameraman (cinematographer) Mirek Ondricek. This produced the only minidrama in the film's history. Haskell Wexler, with whom I parted in the middle of shooting, is an excellent cameraman, but he doesn't understand one thing. He tries, from his point of view — to attain perfection. As much as I do. From his point of view the light and everything which has to do with the perfection of the image are the most important things. If one had let him do it, it would have killed the actors. A perfect photography limits the spontaneity of movement of the actor and his independence with the technique to such a degree that very simply it can drive out the life. It is one of two extremes. On the other side, if I tried to attain perfection, I would throw out both the camera and the light and I would make them play just for myself. But like that no one would ever see it because it would not be on the film. Therefore the simple truth is that the rapport between the director and the chief cameraman depends on the art of compromise. We made do like that for five weeks. The problem was that he was suffering terribly, this was creating tensions and nervousness. But it still wasn't critical. That began to be the case when finally he stopped believing in what we were doing and had the feeling that it was necessary for him to save the film. He didn't want to believe that you can keep the camera for 10 seconds on the face of the actor, without movement, without changing the lighting, and that that will always be an issue. Naturally, all that isn't conscious, it is the subconscious of the cameraman. What is more, there are some people, some intellectual cripples, for whom a generalization is always necessary, so that they will be capable of walking. How to say it... To show that a person is passionate for them it is necessary that she be so without interruption. It was necessary then that we part in the middle of shooting. Bill Butler, who made **Jaws**, replaced him. And since we needed a week more shooting than expected, we also finally had William Fraker.

Regarding the difficulties, for me, of making a political film about America — when you live some place for six years you are no longer a visitor. It is just as if you came to visit someone and then you remained and you began to work for him. At a certain moment you abandon the deference of the visitor and you begin to look around you, to see what, where and how things touch directly on your life. And it is at this moment that you are at home. But that which is said in this film doesn't at all concern only America.

I have never met the author, Ken Kesey. I have only read part of his scenario, an excellent alternative version of the book having nothing in common with the cinema. When I joined the project, the producers and the author were already no longer speaking. But that didn't concern me and not knowing the author I am not able to judge the causes. For me the only important thing was that one day I was holding in my hands a book which didn't treat me like an idiot. Literature for adults.

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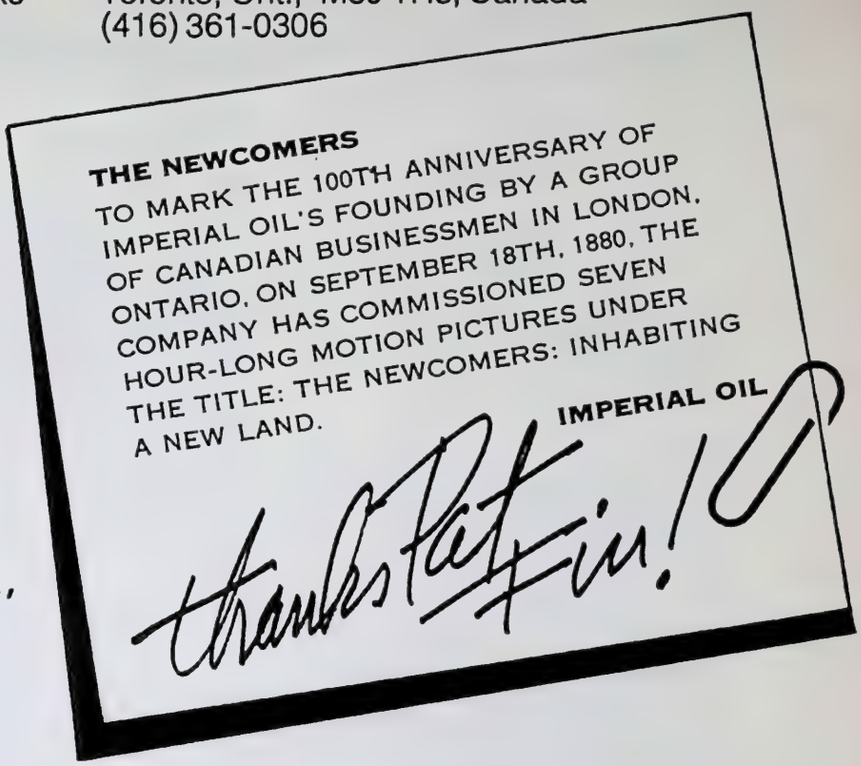
THE NEWCOMERS
TO MARK THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF IMPERIAL OIL'S FOUNDING BY A GROUP OF CANADIAN BUSINESSMEN IN LONDON, ONTARIO, ON SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1880, THE COMPANY HAS COMMISSIONED SEVEN HOUR-LONG MOTION PICTURES UNDER THE TITLE: THE NEWCOMERS: INHABITING A NEW LAND.
IMPERIAL OIL
thanks Pat
Fin!

Toronto
April 14, 1976

Mr. Fin Quinn,
Quinn Laboratories Limited,
380 Adelaide Street West,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Fin:

Thank you indeed for your reply to my letter of February 27, 1976 and for your cooperation in the various tests we conducted. It is with great pleasure that I can inform you that Quinn has been selected to handle all our laboratory work and Mirrophonic all our sound requirements on this production. I know you share my view that this whole decision-making process has been done in an open and professional way and I can assure you that Imperial Oil Limited, who shared with us in these deliberations are fully confident of the talents and skills that your organization will bring to this task.

I should like us to have an early meeting with Fern Aube to organize logistical details and I shall probably prepare a more formal document accepting your bid and attaching the terms and conditions to which you agreed as supplementary documentation.

I trust that we will see you at the announcement tomorrow.

Best personal regards,

Pat Ferns
Director of Production

PF/lb

THE REGULARS

Film as Business

Deep Throat done in: Memphis and beyond

The conviction in Memphis, Tennessee of sixteen defendants including an actor for conspiring to distribute **Deep Throat** across state lines under a Federal obscenity law is a profoundly disturbing element in the long struggle to free the screen from obsolete restraints on content. According to local reports, a Federal jury took less than six hours to reach its unanimous verdict. Sentences may run from maximum fines of $5,000 for each individual, up to five years in prison on each of several counts.

The vague net of a conspiracy charge catches within it producers, distributors, exhibitors and actors in whatever a jury may find "obscene" for purposes of traffic in interstate commerce. The net spread wide and deep in Memphis. The vigorous Federal prosecutor seems to have found a sympathetic home for the policy of restraint that characterizes some Federal and local obscenity authorities.

It must be conceded in fairness that the ever increasing frankness and candor demonstrated on the screen in recent years has lent plausibility if not logic to these attacks by prosecutors and pressure groups not confined to Memphis. Open scenes of fornication, sexual organs in a state of excitement, cunnilingus, fellatio and overt homosexual acts have not made the work of the suppressor more difficult. The inability of an ever growing number of filmmakers to show even a modicum of restraint in photographing sexual scenes is all too apparent. Subtlety and implication have become lost or outmoded techniques among such producers. Nor does the problem stop there. Distributors have marketed and exhibitors have acquired some of these films not only at the traditional downtown "sex" houses, but in multiple runs at neighborhood theaters where conservative families attend. A public outcry became near inevitable. Still, it must be added that reliable exhibitor sources state that this type of material represents less than 3% of the box office take of motion pictures in the United States and Canada in recent years.

The above factors may explain, but they do not in my view justify obscenity prosecutions or convictions. In a genuinely free society adults should be able to choose their own filmed entertainment. They are grown up and they should know what they want. As I see it, restraints should be limited to the matter of children — either attending with their parents, teachers or guardians or in the case of truly adult pictures, a complete ban on attendance under a particular age. Unfortunately, however, this is not the state of the law. And it is not likely to be so for the foreseeable future.

What to do? The American film industry under the leadership of Motion Picture Association, the National Association of Theater Owners (NATO) and the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) eight years ago sponsored a rating system which to this time has generally held back the flood of proposed legislation that would establish a host of obscenity statutes and ordinances throughout the land. At the same time, the system has allowed adults to choose their own entertainment without restraint.

One would think that in a democratic society this would be ample restraint and protection. While no pictures are banned and there is no censorship, there are limitations in the matter of children's attendance which is and should be a parental responsibility. The system makes information available and puts all parents on reasonable notice as to the type of film involved. This is a vast improvement over the old code seal where a film was simply granted or denied the imprimatur which determined its availability in large numbers of theaters.

Can a new wave of restraints as heralded by the Memphis decision, a proposed Chicago ordinance and other statutes be halted?

The answer is at best Yes But. If United States attorneys and local district attorneys recognize that whatever the problems created by film (if any) they are minor compared to the wave of violent offenses and crimes they encounter on a daily basis. If these same law enforcement officers or legislators do not run for cover every time some bluenosed, obscenity-seeking, publicity-minded complainant comes into their offices, and utilize the discretion vested in them *not* to legislate or prosecute. If the public recognizes that adults have the right under the free speech amendment to see motion pictures of their choice just as they read books and magazines of their choice.

If exhibition recognizes its moral (as opposed to legal) obligation to uniformly enforce ratings and require attendance of the children with adults for "R" films and exclude children from "X" films. This must be done in all and not just most theaters. If producers and distributors exercise some reasonable and fair discretion in connection with their films and not seek every rotten dollar by pure exploitation without reference to story line, quality, merit or artistry. And if all in our industry endorse and support a fair system of control and use of our theaters and our media to continually tell the public what the rating system does and does not and what it is intended to do. Then maybe — and only maybe — the nightmare of national obscenity restraint as indicated by the Memphis tragedy will not recur.

But be sure of one thing. If the rating systems fails — if the support is not there — if the "anything for a buck boys" run amok, today's performance will be the prelude to tomorrow's disasters. Neither the Courts nor the people's representatives will then support us in our hour of need.

Michael F. Mayer

Michael Mayer is a partner in the New York theatrical law firm of Mayer & Bucher. He has authored numerous articles and books on motion pictures, most recently The Film Industries — Practical Business Legal Problems in Production, Distribution and Exhibition, *published by Hastings House, N.Y.*

Flamingo Hours

Identification marks

These are the first words I've published about the movies in more than six years. I feel humble and nostalgic to be doing it again. The movies have come a long way since 1970. And I've come a long way too. We all have. There's so much to say. So much to remember. So much to contemplate there on the screen. It's all become so rich, the texts, the codes.

Gene Youngblood is an author, lecturer, researcher, and teacher specializing in the study of mass communication media, their social implications and uses. He is the author of Expanded Cinema *(1970), and of the forthcoming* The Videosphere *(spring, 1977), a political and philosophical book about the effect of the mass media on human evolution. Mr. Youngblood has received research grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, The Rockefeller Foundation, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. He is a Research Fellow of Buckminster Fuller's Design Science Institute in Washington, D.C., and of Media Study, Inc. in Buffalo, New York. In the fall of this year he will begin teaching at Harvard University as critic-in-residence in the department of visual communication.*

I've been thinking and taking notes. Now the notes become this column called "Flamingo Hours." The cinema is an exotic bird, ancient as the imagination, reaching for escape velocity, reaching for the kingdom.

I want to begin by identifying myself. I want to disclose my bias, define my point of view. Reality isn't object-dependent, it's subject-dependent. Things seen are things *as* seen. The logic of the world is the logic of descriptions (of the world). So I want to identify myself by identifying my cinematic world, the world through which I create myself. The wheel is not our most important invention. The mirror is.

Against my better judgment I'll start by naming ten films which, at this moment in time, seem to have made the most vivid and/or lasting impression on me. These are the movies I live for. These are the movies that live for me. They are, in alphabetical order by director: Antonioni's **L'Avventura**, Bertolucci's **Before The Revolution**, Bresson's **Pickpocket**, Fassbinder's **Merchant Of Four Seasons**, Fellini's **Eight-and-a-Half**, Godard's **Pierrot le Fou**, Murnau's **Sunrise**, Pabst's **Pandora's Box**, Satyajit Ray's **Apu Trilogy**, and Roberto Rossellini's **Voyage To Italy**.

Although **L'Avventura** stands out for me, four other Antonionis are among my all-time favorites: **Il Grido**, **Eclipse**, **Red Desert**, **The Passenger**. For me, **The Passenger** is one of the most interesting and intelligent films of the 1970s, representing Antonioni at the height of his formal (if not poetic) powers.

I've cited **Pickpocket** as my favorite Bresson; but I respond with equal passion to **A Condemned Man Escaped**, **Au Hazard Balthazar** and **Lancelot du Lac**. For me, **Lancelot** is to Bresson what **Passenger** is to Antonioni: a flawless distillation and summation of his unique film language, completely transcending the form/content dualism. In achieving this, however, Bresson has, like Antonioni, sacrificed the poetic resonance of earlier works. For me, the clarity of the invention is worth it.

Pierrot le Fou is almost everyone's favorite Godard. I have equal respect for **Two Or Three Things I Know About Her**, **Contempt**, **Alphaville**, and **My Life To Live**. I like everything Godard does. I've seen **Numéro Deux** only once and find it very interesting, not so much for the video per se as for its synthesis and transcendence of Godard's earlier formal strategies. Cubist, non-narrative, it refers back to **Two Or Three Things** and points forward to unexplored possibilities in polemical-anthropological cinema.

Although **Before The Revolution** is my favorite Bertolucci, I could argue pretty convincingly for **The Conformist** as his "best" picture. But somehow I respond more intensely to **The Spider's Stratagem**. In spite of himself, Bertolucci is a classical romantic rather than a political modernist: he hasn't opened new formal vistas so much as synthesized the cinema's historical essence into a sublime self-reflection.

I like Claude Chabrol. Especially **Just Before Nightfall**, **Les Bonnes Femmes**, **Une Femme Infidèle**, **Les Biches**, and **A Piece Of Pleasure**. I like **A Piece Of Pleasure** because it combines the most interesting elements of Chabrol's work: a deep compassion for bourgeois consciousness, expressed with trenchant psychological insight; and an equally profound contempt for middle class values, expressed through a kinky, eccentric, almost neurotic stylization.

Whereas France and Italy produced the interesting films of the 1960s, those of the 70s have come so far from Germany and Switzerland. Alain Tanner has been the most visible Swiss director, **The Middle of the World** his most widely distributed film. For me, however, **Middle of the World** is sterile and lifeless whereas **La Salamandre** haunts my memory. Even so, Thomas Koerfer's **The Death of the Flea Circus Director** (1974), is, from my point of view, the most impressive film yet to emerge from the new Swiss cinema, and one of the most original films in years from anywhere. This is due equally to Koerfer's intense, post-Brechtian, theatrical expressionism, and to a tour-de-force performance by François Simon (son of Michel Simon), who played the butler in Claude Goretta's **The Invitation**.

Of course it's impossible to speak of originality in the cinema of the 70s without acknowledging the genius of Rainer Werner Fassbinder. For me, **The Merchant of Four Seasons** and **The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant** are true masterpieces, landmarks in the history of cinema. The word style comes immediately to mind, for Fassbinder's is a totally original "style" — at once an intense personal idiom and a commanding public medium. Much has been made of Fassbinder's approach to acting and of his debt to Douglas Sirk and the soap opera genre; but for me not enough has been said of his humanism and his astonishing grasp of psychological complexities. I'll have more to say about that in subsequent articles.

Meanwhile some final identification marks. My favorite American film of recent years is Scorsese's **Mean Streets** and the one I despise most is Altman's **Nashville** (though I liked **The Long Goodbye**). I like Aldrich's **Kiss Me Deadly** and Ophuls' **Caught**. My favorites of Welles are **The Trial**, **Falstaff**, **Mr. Arkadin** and **Othello**. I like the neurotic Hitchcock (**Vertigo**, **Strangers On A Train**) more than the shockers (**Psycho**) or the love stories (**Notorious**). My favorite Pasolini is **Accatone**. My Favorite Renoir is **Boudu Saved From Drowning**. A film can be both boring and interesting; Hans-Jurgen Syberberg's **Karl May** is one of the most fascinating boring films I've ever seen. So is Michael Snow's **Rameau's Nephew By Diderot...** I love the simplicity, the serenity, the surrealism of Rolando Klein's **Chac**, a film with comets and teleological condors. There are, of course, many more; but they've faded from my memory for the moment. So it is with time, that lightens what is dark, that darkens what is light.

Gene Youngblood

Technical Notes

The Uher CR-134: 12 months later

Would you believe... a stereo cassette recorder capable of a response range of 25-15,000 cps (Hz) ±2 db... lightweight, compact and very portable (4-1/2 lbs + batteries)... with an input jack for a sync-pulse signal? All these features — and more — are incorporated in the Uher CR-134 cassette recorder. It has not been advertised too widely, so it is probably unknown to many sound people and could easily become the "sleeper" of the film industry.

Advances in modern electronic technology have already resulted in home cassette decks which rival reel-to-reel units in fidelity. However, the CR-134 is the first *portable* unit to be available in the high-fidelity field which can accept a sync-pulse track *in addition* to a stereo signal (do not confuse with the use of a portable stereo unit where one of the stereo tracks is used for the sync-signal and the other for a mono sound track).

With two viable optical stereo track systems in the early stages of production, it is time for filmmakers to start thinking — and preparing masters — in stereo. Within a very few years, stereo sound will become established in film and if a film has been mastered from stereo originals, re-mastered prints in stereo will

Bob Parent is a free-lance photographer-filmmaker living in New York City. From an early career in mechanical engineering, he branched out into still photography in the mid-40s, and during the 50s specialized in photography of jazz musicians. He moved into photo-journalism and experimental and documentary filmmaking in the 60s, and has two experimental films in the Coopérative Cinéastes Indépendante in Montreal. He is a member of S.M.P.T.E., Millennium Film Workshop (also an instructor), and A.I.V.F. He has recently completed photographs for the book Jazz *is by Nat Hentoff, to be published by Random House in September.*

be viable. Besides, using separate channels for two-mike situations allows the added flexibility of re-balancing in the control room.

Although not a Nagra or Stellavox, the Uher CR-134 does have many of the essential features, and it can usually be purchased for under $400, and is much lighter in weight. Its prime value to filmmakers will be for situations where one-person sync-sound filming is desirable (documentary and low-budget), camera noise and microphone design being the limiting factors.

The Uher CR-134 has automatic reversal in the playback mode. This is a feature on many reel-to-reel and cartridge recorders but, unlike them, the #134 does not use a mechanical shifting of the heads to accomplish this. Instead, there are four in-line heads and the switching is done electrically, conveniently leaving the two unused heads in position with head #4 connected directly to the "Access" input jack on the side. And this is the feature that makes possible its use for double-system filming.

The pairing in the #134 is 1-2 and 3-4 unlike the alternate track pairing of most reel-to-reel formats. Tracks 1-2 only are used in the record mode. Therefore, with a properly wired cable adaptor, the sync signal can be fed directly into track #4, leaving #3 empty and virtually eliminating the possibility of the sync signal bleeding into the audio tracks (a problem when adapting cassette stereo recorders for mono-sync filming by putting the sync signal on the second track).

Cameras with a sync-pulse generator can be used by simply feeding the pulse signal directly to head #4. For those who have crystal controlled cameras, external crystal oscillators are available from independent suppliers, and there is sufficient space inside the body for the insertion of an internal crystal.

By making a cable with a 1-1/2 volt (AA) battery and 100K ohm resistor in series with #PC plug, it can be used with those Super-8 cameras having a flash (strobe) contact (originally intended for time-lapse filming and using a standard strobe flash made for still photography). When used this way, the sync signal is once per frame. Internal resistance varies in different cameras so the 100K ohm resistor is a starting valve. The pulse voltage reaching the recording head should be a minimum of 250mV, but not more than 500mV.

The concept of using a cassette for double system filming is probably ahead of most sound studios and few will have a playback deck wired for this format. All that this means is that the Uher CR-134 will have to be brought to the studio with patch-cords in order to make transfers to full-coat mag stock. The sync signal is patched into the resolver and the audio is patched into their amplifier input.

Transfers from Super-8 frame-pulse sync signals are a bit more complicated in that professional 16-35mm resolvers are designed for 60 (50) cycle operation and cannot function at 18 or 24 cycles. However, Super-8 Sound in Cambridge, Mass. (and a few others) markets a recorder with a built-in resolver that will transfer frame-pulse tracks to Super-8 full-coat mag stock so that editing can be done in the same manner as in the larger gauges. Equipment for professional quality Super-8 productions is still at the embryonic level. However, spurred by the markedly lower operating costs and greater mobility, Super-8 productions and production facilities can be expected to increase sharply in the near future. Well, enough for the sync statistics and on to the other features.

The Uher CR-134 is designed for a maximum of versatility. In addition to its being a stereo (or 2 channel) recorder by itself, a mixer can be added (the Uher microphone mixer patches in with the same cables as for their reel-to-reel recorders) and used for multiple input recording. When the unit is connected to a hi-fi stereo system, it functions as a tape deck. In fact, it has several features for use only in conjunction with either a mixer or a stereo system (or both).

In the recording mode, this unit has three different input impedances. The microphone input is rated at 0.2mV-200mV at 500 ohms and the jack also has pin connections for a remote off-on switch. The other jack on the side (all European DIN system) accomodates a "radio" or pre-amp input at 4mV-550mV at 47K ohms and a "phono" input at 150mV -15V at 1 megohm. It is important to check the output level of components before use as there are two significantly different systems in use. The output levels from most European-made radios/tuners, amplifiers and recorders is much lower than in American/Japanese made equipment. Therefore, the input marked "Radio" should be used for lower level equipment and the "Phono" jack for high level units. And phonos should be connected through a pre-amp stage for proper level amplification and equalization.

All of the controls needed for field recording are located on the top, or narrow, side of the recorder where they are in full view when suspended from the shoulder. The other jacks on the side and bottom are used only when the unit is being operated in a fixed position. The cassette drops end-wise into a slot in the top and is activated by depressing the insertion lever. In addition to positioning the cassette for operation, this also closes a switch that is in series with the mode selector and activating switch so that it is impossible to operate the unit without a cassette being in position.

The CR-134, though still available on the second-hand market, has recently been replaced at Uher outlets by the CR-210, an electronically more sophisticated machine. Uher informs us that this is a much improved model, and markets it for $595 in the US and $895 in Canada. Further information on the CR-210 is available from Uher of America Inc., 621 South Hindry Avenue, Inglewood, California 90301, and Assman Canada, 251 Consumers Rd., Willowdale, Ontario M2J 4T5. Tell them we sent you.

Apparently in the interests of miniaturization, recording level is controlled by a single knob which regulates each channel equally, and the recording level meter (battery voltage meter in playback) reads in db's for the *combination* of the 2 tracks, rather than individually. These may seem like ham-strings at first, but, in use, the absence of dual controls is not that frustrating. In most cases of over-the-shoulder recording, the optional automatic level control mode will be in use (this set is made with separate limiters for each channel) and usually in those situations where one wants to monitor the gain manually, a mixer would be used. When the internal mike (condenser, not electret) is used, the signal (mono) is fed to both tracks. The automatic tape reversal feature operates in the playback mode only, so that when recording, the cassette has to be turned over manually to use side B. When used for sync recording, only the A side can be used.

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In summation, I would like to repeat that the Uher CR-134 is the most versatile portable stereo tape recorder of professional quality available for less than $1,000. I have written this report on the basis of my own experience with one that I purchased a year ago rather than on a 'demonstrator' lent by the manufacturer.

Bob Parent

Recordings

The Adventures of Robin Hood. Orchestral suite composed and conducted by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. Narration by Basil Rathbone. **Requiem for a Cavalier.** A sound picture written and narrated by Tony Thomas. Delos Records DEL/F25409. $6.98.

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It was inevitable that the 1938 radio broadcast of highlights from Erich Korngold's music for **The Adventures of Robin Hood** would someday be issued on LP. Long in private circulation among film music collectors, this recording documents one of the prime examples of creative film scoring.

In listening to this recording, which includes all but two of the score's major sequences, one becomes surprisingly aware of just how significant Korngold's music is to the overall effectiveness of the Errol Flynn classic. Theoretically, when music and image are linked together, a phenomenon occurs: the whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts. The simultaneous occurrence of music and film creates a *montage*, if you will, which emotes a third, *extracinematic* image. **The Adventures of Robin Hood** abounds in such magical, extracinematic moments owing to Korngold's inspired integration of music and film. (My favorite moment has always been when Robin, on horseback and accompanied by Wil Scarlet, makes his first appearance in a dashing close-up. Korngold's music here never fails to thrill.)

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The **Robin Hood** score is largely derived from several basic *leitmotifs*, all of which can be heard in their various guises on this recording. Military-sounding broken fourths depict Robin; a jovial march theme represents the Merry Men of Sherwood (the rarely-heard Hypophrygian mode is ingeniously used here to suggest the medieval period); an heroic broken major triad represents the spirit of true English patriotism; and there are additional themes and motifs for King Richard the Lion-Hearted, Maid Marian, and the cruelty and oppression of Prince John. All of these themes are adroitly woven into a musical tapestry which perfectly complements the Technicolor imagery of directors William Keighley and Michael Curtiz. Korngold's music is also a strong asset in helping to manipulate an audience's suspension of disbelief — one of film music's vital functions in a costume or fantasy film.

In spite of the recording's limited 1938 sound quality (especially in comparison to the spectacularly-recorded **Robin Hood** excerpts on RCA's ***Captain Blood**: Classic Film Scores for Errol Flynn*), its historic significance offers more than adequate compensation. Korngold takes most of the tempos a bit faster here than he does in the film, but never quite to excess. Basil Rathbone's narration, though saccharine in spots, adds a nice touch of authenticity to the proceedings. I regret that his introductory narration which promotes the film with an amusing 1930s naiveté has been deleted.

Errol Flynn fans will appreciate the special bonus of Tony Thomas' **Requiem for a Cavalier.** Through commentary and interviews with Flynn and his intimates, Thomas probes the Flynn myth and reveals the man beneath the buckle and swash. As a Flynn fan myself, I found parts of it to be actually quite moving.

Robert D. Fiedel

*Robert Fiedel will review the second of the Delos releases, **Captain from Castile**, in his next column.*

Robert D. Fiedel has taught film courses at Queens College, CUNY since September, 1972. His article "Music by Max Steiner" appears in Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld's The King Kong Book, *and he is currently in negotiation with The Library of Congress and The American Film Institute to establish a national archive of film music.*

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

The obscene dialogue to be encountered in many of today's films (I think particularly of **Shampoo**) recalls the old Arab proverb: "You are the master of the words you have not said but the words you have said are your master."

Perhaps one reason for the popularity of sex films, as well as the fact that we tolerate wars (like the recent Vietnamese fracas), is that sex and war have always been the most reliable means for men to transcend the tedium of their daily lives.

Poetic truth is sometimes better than the real truth, as witness Orson Welles, in his role as Harry Lime in **The Third Man**, referring in his parable of the fruits of Swiss democracy to "the cuckoo clock" when we all know that cuckoo clocks are products of the Black Forest (Schwarzwald) in Germany.

Ave Carol Reed, *ave atque vale!*

O tempora! O mores! Dep't. In 1956, the Japanese made a film about prostitu-

Born in New York in 1908, Herman G. Weinberg first studied the violin, then arranged music for silent foreign films, and eventually subtitled over 400 French, German, Italian and other films. He began writing about films in 1929 and has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma *and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which is* The Complete Wedding March *(Little, Brown). Dwight MacDonald has called Herman Weinberg "the Boswell of the movies."*

tion called **Street of Shame**. In 1974, they made another, this time called **Street of Joy**.

The Olympic Games, for all their noble ideals, make good backgrounds for murder and sex. As at Munich, when Arab assassins slew a dozen Israeli athletes, and at the recent winter games at Innsbruck, Austria, where two brothels were kept so busy that the staff of 14 girls per house had to be increased first to 20 then to 30 girls per house.

I used to think that Jean-Luc Godard was most interesting among the young new French directors until I saw **Numéro Deux**. I not only have no idea what it's all about but neither can I fathom the connection the non-pornographic scenes have with the pornographic ones, or vice-versa, nor can I figure out why the entire film has to be viewed on two television sets.

Lionel Rogosin's Impact Films is said to be distributing a documentary, **Unquiet Death**, on the Rosenberg trial. The film is being used by the Committee to Re-Open the Rosenberg Case to compel re-examination of the trial following recent disclosures of new evidence. Rogosin also plans another kind of documentary, this to be made by himself; Gauguin's lyric ode to Polynesia — **Noa Noa**.

And at last Bunuel is to make the film I've been waiting for from him — Pierre Louys' **Woman and Puppet**, that masterpiece of sado-masochism by Oscar Wilde's favorite French author, which has been filmed thrice before — by Cecil B. De Mille, 1923, with Geraldine Farrar; von Sternberg, 1935, with Marlene Dietrich; and Julien Duvivier, 1958, with Brigitte Bardot. The last word on this tale will not be said, though, till Bunuel has his say. I hope he lets his favorite siren, Silvia Pinal, play Concha.

René Clair has just published a volume of short stories, *Games of Chance* (Gallimard), which I hope will soon find an American publisher.*

And Pierre Lherminier, continuing editor of the *Cinéma d'Aujourd'hui* series, is now issuing them himself in a larger format and much more elaborate edition. The fourth number of the new series is out and deals with eroticism. Forthcoming is an adaptation of my own *The Lubitsch Touch* as part of the directors series. An expanded edition in enlarged format of *The Lubitsch Touch,* with additional illustrations and text, will be issued by Dover Publications, New York, early next Spring.

A 90-minute film for television and 16mm non-theatrical distribution for colleges, etc. on Erich von Stroheim is currently in the works by the William Loeffler Enterprises of Smithtown, New York. I am consultant and technical advisor on it.

You can get away with anything, if you have the personality to do so, as witness Maurice Chevalier who made out of a *gaffe* (wearing a straw hit with a dinner jacket) his "signature" and a career.

Chaplin's marvelous plea (not a prayer) as Calvero in **Limelight** when Terry (Claire Bloom) goes on for her first dance after she finds she can walk again. He hides behind some backstage props and begs, "Whoever you are — whatever it is — help her!"

When Hollywood was Hollywood Dep't. Sam Goldwyn, upon being urged to make a film of *Cyrano*, is reputed to have replied, "No! I made it once with Kay Francis and Ronald Colman and it died!" (Referring to his picture, **Cynara**.)

We don't have the Roxy Theatre anymore, alas, but we do have Bob Lee's intimate little cinema back of his house in Nutley, New Jersey — a charmingly cozy little place (the exact opposite of the Roxy) where vintage silent and sound films are screened for doting audiences of

*Speaking of short stories, what a charming trilogy three stories by Somerset Maugham would make if properly filmed — Three Fat Women of Antibes, The Treasure *and* The Lotus Eater, *In that order. They're in the volume,* The Mixture As Before. *Or doesn't anyone make charming pictures anymore?*

Dish Night

THE PRICE: Elizabeth Taylor asked for her usual cool million to put in an appearance at the New York Film Society's benefit for **That's Entertainment Part Two**, claiming that M.G.M. was exploiting her name since she is only in the picture for thirty seconds. She was turned down, but a gang of aged MGM stars (including Cary Grant and Johnny Weissmuller) did turn up on the way to Cannes to open the Festival. The N.Y. event happened to fall on Fred Astaire's birthday and he was serenaded by a troupe of out-of-tune mummers bussed in from Long Island who couldn't get their cues straight. "Only Metro would throw a party like this," cracked Fred. He hadn't seen anything; afterwards at the Rainbow Room, Bob Fosse and Bobby Van dragged Dick Cavett out onto the dance floor and taught him a soft-shoe step.

THE *WHAT*??: Robert Altman is off **The Yig Epoxy**, which is kind of like **M*A*S*H** in a bomber-parts factory, and Warners has offered it to Mike Nichols, because it's also kind of like **Catch-22**, who says he'll only direct if Bob Towne does the script.

KICKED UPSTAIRS: Dennis Stanfill has appointed Princess Grace to the Board of Directors of Twentieth Century-Fox.

CHORUS LINE HUSTLE: Michael Bennett's first project under his four-picture deal for Universal will be **Bobbit**, a segment of Tom Tryon's novel about Hollywood, *Crowned Heads* (Billy Wilder is working on another of the episodes). The former gypsy has also announced that he'd like a go at Joyce Carol Oates' *Wonderland.*

SPLITSVILLE: Tuesday Weld and Dudley Moore.

GIVING THE BIRD: That infamous Russian-American co-production **The Bluebird** could have been a bomb in more ways than one. Twentieth Century-Fox kept getting phone calls from Jewish terrorist organizations threatening to blow up their screenings. But all was calm at the reception for the children of congressmen at the Kennedy Center in Washington, until the pols who brought their kids to see the movie got so het up over Elizabeth's rocks that they became unruly. A gaggle of Kennedy children were hoisted onto each other's shoulders for a better view.

KINFLICKS: If you loved that fabricated home movie of Tracy and Hepburn from **Adam's Rib** in **Entertainment Two**, keep your eyes glued to the tube for an upcoming special called **Bogie and Me**, which features actual footage of Bogart and Bacall culled from their private stock. Meanwhile, Betty is said to be Lillian Hellman's personal choice to play her in a film based on the current bestseller *Scoundrel Time.*

SCREENED: A Hollywood type visiting New York was amazed at the foul-mouthing being given a movie immediately following its press screening. "That would *never* happen in Hollywood" he said, "unless it was in a whisper and you turned around to make sure no one was listening."

PAGING LANA TURNER: At a Film Symposium in Chicago, Ross Hunter said that the only book on the current scene he'd be interested in making was *The Heart Listens*, a big gushy melodrama about A Woman's Life.

RECYCLING: Studio heads are staying up all night catching re-runs of old movies to remake. Other than **King Kong**, and **Gone With the Wind,** which we all know about, look for either remakes or sequels based on **Grand Hotel, The Letter, Captain Horatio Hornblower,** and **Young Man with a Horn**.

Waldo Lydecker

the Essex County Film Club. Each feature is accompanied by selected shorts (usually a comedy and a travelogue — just like in the old days) — and by a welcoming foreword over the sound system by the genial Bob himself, from the projection booth. Bob, who sells vintage film classics to collectors will also now include my own two little films, the 1930-31 silent **Autumn Fire** and the 1950 sound **The Artist**.

Ah, those banana splits of movie palaces of the good old days — The Roxy, Paramount, Capitol in New York, not forgetting Loew's Valencia, Loew's Paradise and all the rest.

"Making judgments on films is in many ways so peculiarly vaporous an occupation that the only question is why, beyond the obvious opportunities for a few lecture fees and a little careerism at a dispiritingly self-limiting level, anyone does it in the first place." (Joan Didion, *The New York Review of Books.)*

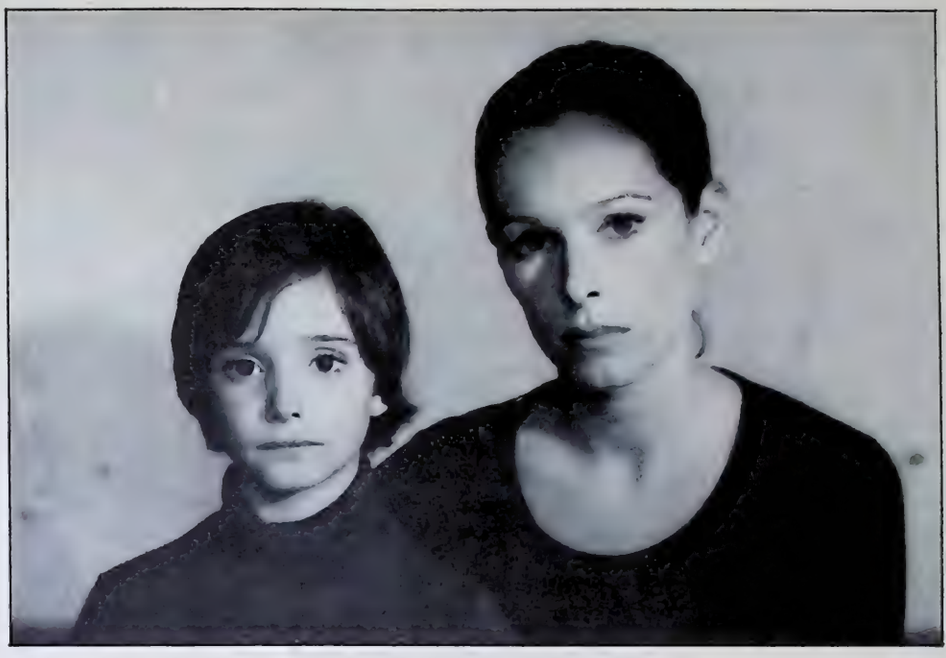
Apropos Lubitsch's penchant for doors, they were an ancient female sex symbol to dramatists from Plautus to Feydeau.

The "alpha" and "omega" of filmmaking in two present-day films: **Seven Beauties** and **Where the Lilies Bloom**. I have not seen the former, nor do I think I will, but Russell Baker, columnist for the *New York Times*, saw it and begins by saying, "Because it had been ecstatically reviewed by New York movie critics, I went to see **Seven Beauties**." He sums up what has for him been a depressing experience, "What has living in New York done to the perceptions of New York film critics?" As for the latter, I have seen it and it is like a benediction. (Since writing this, I have seen **Seven Beauties** and I will have more to say about it in my next column. Meanwhile, know that I think very highly of it and that Giancarlo Giannini gives an absolutely unforgettable performance in it. **Shampoo** is kid stuff — juvenile delinquent kid stuff — after this.)

Anatole France said that the mark of a good writer was the degree to which he had a sense of irony and pity. Ben Hecht had it. In **Crime Without Passion**, when Carmen Brown offers to return to Eddie White a diamond ring he once gave her, now that he's reduced to reading the want ads, he smiles bitterly and says to her, "Bread on the waters, eh? All right, Santa Claus..." Pierre Benoit had it, too, when in **L'Atlantide** he tells of Captain Mohrange, on his trek across the desert, giving his dying little donkey precious water out of his own canteen. He knows it will not save the animal but it will momentarily make it feel a little better. "I love animals," comments Saint-Avit, relating the incident, "which I have solid reasons for preferring to men."

Did you know that Bruckner's 9th Symphony is dedicated to God?

Herman G. Weinberg



Ana Torrent and Geraldine Chaplin in ***Cria Cuervos.***

Letter from Cannes

Dismemberment, death and decay

The standard of films at Cannes this year was fairly high, I thought, yet the festival itself had a kind of deadness about it. Others had the same feeling; the old electricity just wasn't there. Perhaps some of us have become jaded, but I suspect the fault lies with the film industry. The sense of excitement and discovery that characterized the Sixties is over, and now movies are marking time until the arrival of the new geniuses and techniques. It was fitting, in a way, that the Palme d'Or should have gone to a good old-fashioned piece of Hollywood corruption like **Taxi Driver**.

The best film of the festival, after all, Bernardo Bertolucci's two-part **Novecento [1900]**, shown out of competition, was a throwback to traditional movie-making. This time, Bertolucci says, he wanted to make a film not for his fellow intellectuals but for "the people". His reasons were probably more political than artistic — **Novecento** takes a heavy and rather simple-minded pro-Communist line — but the artist in Bertolucci is more adept than the propagandist. In any case, **Novecento** runs five-and-a-half hours, and even if the two parts are shown on successive nights, as planned, I can't see the average Fiat worker having that much leisure time to devote to them, especially when the word gets about that the second part abandons the heartbreaking lyricism of its predecessor for a bleakness of mood that doesn't let up until the climax, a (red) flagwaving celebration of the downfall of Italian fascism.

Novecento must be Bertolucci's finest film since **Prima Della Rivoluzione**, but it is too sprawling and elliptical to be enjoyable as a harmonious work of art. Its strength comes from certain individual sequences and characterisations. Take the episode toward the end of Part One where Burt Lancaster, a patriarchal Po Valley landowner, watches with hopeless envy as a group of young peasants dance together near a tree-shaded riverbank. It is Bertolucci's transposition of *"Sailing To Byzantium"* — Lancaster even mutters "This is no country for old men" before stumping off to the barn. There, after a dairymaid verifies that he is sexually impotent, he hangs himself. It sounds grotesque, but on the screen it has the power of tragedy.

Of the competition films, I preferred Miklos Jancso's **Vizi Privati, Pubbliche Virtu**, an orgiastic variation on the Mayerling theme. (Jancso, for some reason, denied at his press conference that the film has anything to do with Mayerling. But as he said last year, don't believe what you are told, believe what you see.) As a Jancso movie, it is fairly atypical — he abandons long takes, and there are homages, conscious or not, to Pasolini, Fellini, Borowczyk, Widerberg, and even the lamented Czechoslovak New Wave. Compared with **Agnus Dei** or **Red Psalm**, **Vizi Privati, Pubbliche Virtu** is a minor work, but from almost any

continued on p. 30

Geoff Minish is a Canadian journalist working for Agence France Presse *in Paris. He is our Paris correspondent.*

Four Good Reasons for Buying Back Issues of Take One

Volume 1

No. 1 (published Sept. 1966): An interview with Alfred Hitchcock; a review of *Torn Curtain*; reviews from the Seventh Montreal International Film Festival. **Sold out.**

No. 2 (Nov. 1966): An interview with Marshall McLuhan on cinema; Paul Krassner on "How Soft Was My Pornography"; interviews with Quebec filmmakers Arthur Lamothe and Jean-Claude Labrecque; a review of *The Wild Angels*. **Sold out.**

No. 3 (Jan. 1967): An interview with Jean-Luc Godard; reviews of *A Fistful of Dollars, Loves of a Blonde*, and *Fahrenheit 451*. **Sold out.**

No. 4 (April 1967): An interview with Canadian filmmaker Larry Kent; an article comparing viewers' reactions to the same news event as reported on b&w and on color tv; reviews of *Blow-Up, The Connection*, and *Chelsea Girls*. **$5.00**

No. 5 (June 1967): A series of articles on the Hollywood Blacklist (including personal reminiscences by Millard Lampell and Herbert Biberman); reviews of the films of Expo 67 and of *Accident, Cul-de-Sac*, and *Au Hasard Balthazar*. **Sold out.**

No. 6 (Aug. 1967): An interview with Canadian filmmaker Don Owen; the much-reprinted and oft-referred-to "Intersex" article by Robert Russet; an interview with Kenneth Anger; Arthur Penn on *Bonnie and Clyde*. **Sold out.**

No. 7 (Oct. 1967): An interview with Jean Renoir, an article on Quebec filmmaker Jean-Pierre Lefebvre; reviews of *Warrendale, Portrait of Jason, Privilege* and *The Trip*. **$5.00**

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No. 10 (June 1968): Alfred Hitchcock talking about some of the special effects used in *The Birds*, a report on Godard's visit to Hollywood (discussions with Sam Fuller, King Vidor, Roger Corman, and Peter Bogdanovich). **Sold out.**

No. 11 (Sept. 1968): Analyses of film violence by Fredric Wertham and Paul Krassner; a selection from the letters of Groucho Marx; an interview with the creator of the special effects for *2001*; reviews of *Weekend, The Green Berets*, and *The Bride Wore Black*. **$4.50**

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Volume 2

No. 1 (published March 1969): Interviews with everyone involved in *Alice's Restaurant* (including Penn, Arlo, and Alice); an interview with Ingmar Bergman; a review of Godard's *One Plus One*. **Sold out**

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No. 11 (June 1971): More Godard, photos from a notebook; a complete bibliography; reviews of three more films. Also: nice pictures of Genevieve Bujold; a short story; and reviews of *La Hora de Los Hornos, Maidstone, Claire's Knee*, and *El Topo*. **$2.00**

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Volume 3

No. 1 (published Dec. 1971): The famous (much reprinted since) Groucho Marx interview. Plus Joe Adamson's article, "Duck Soup for the Rest of Your Life"; and some remarks by Stan Brakhage. Also reviews of *Mon Oncle Antoine, Derby*, and *Rip-Off*. **$5.00**

No. 2 (Feb. 1972): The now-rare "Women in Film" issue. Women (including Eleanor Perry, Anita Loos, Sylvia Spring, Tanya Ballantyne MacKay, and Stephanie Rothman) on Women in Film; filmographies; interviews with Shirley Clarke and Joyce Wieland; reviews. **$4.00**

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No. 8 (March 1973): The *Take One* Howard Hawks interview; plus articles on Griffith's talkies and Joseph Losey. Reviews of *Discreet Charm* and *Marvin Gardens*, plus *Last Tango in Paris*. **$2.50**

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Volume 4

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No. 2 (March 1974): Richard Meltzer takes apart Elvis Presley; interviews with Monte Hellman, distributor Dan Talbot, and François Truffaut; and an inside look at the Cannes Film Festival. **$1.50**

No. 3 (May 1974): Phil Ochs on Bruce Lee; Roberto Rossellini's interview with Salvador Allende; and "Being Canadian Means Always Having to Say You're Sorry". **$4.50**

No. 4 (July 1974): Rossellini interviewed and an in-depth report on porno filmmaking. Amos Vogel reviews *The Exorcist*. **$1.50**

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Tear out these two entire pages,

Lean, the Cannes Film Festival, Woody Allen, monsters, Joseph Losey, porn films, Elvis Presley, the early National Film Board, James Cagney, Pasolini, Bruce Lee, Ray Harryhausen, editing films for tv, Fassbinder, Robert Aldrich, René Clair, Roberto Rossellini, and Jane Fonda.

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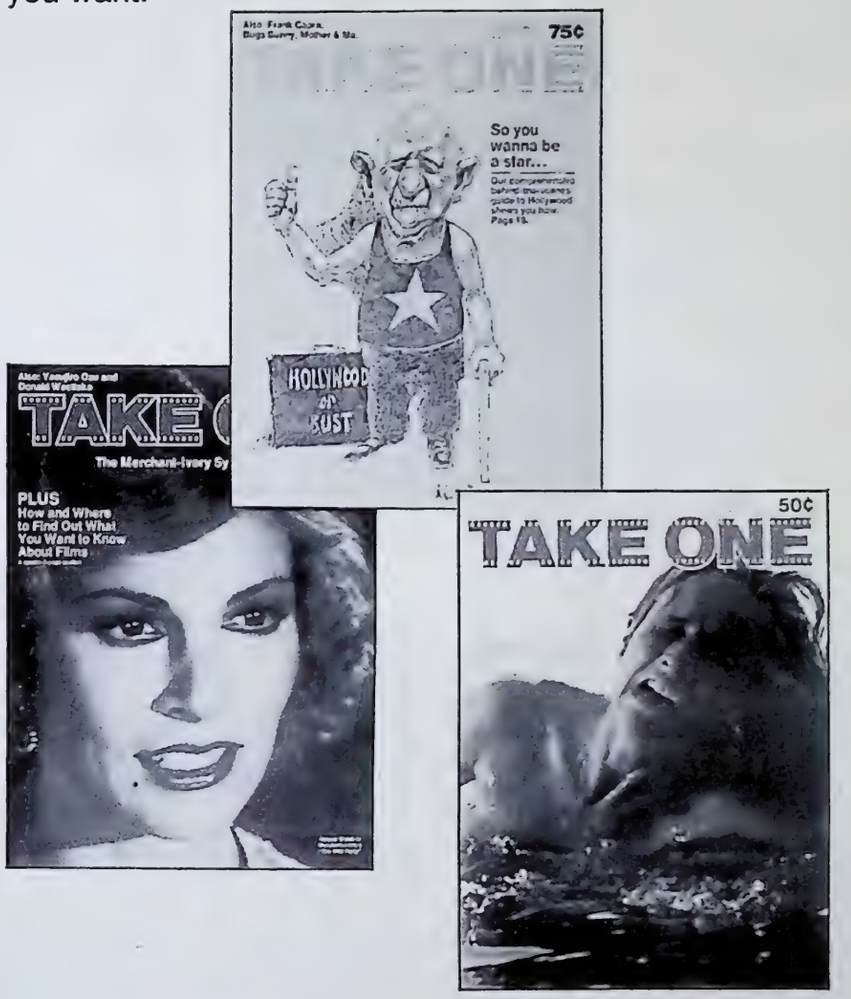
Many of the articles, interviews, columns and reviews that were first published in the pages of *Take One* have gone on to be re-printed in books and magazines around the world, but the easiest place to find the cream of film writing has always been right here — in our pages.

Luckily, back copies of most issues of *Take One* are still available (though they're going fast). Today, while you're thinking about it, use these pages to select and order the *Take One* back issues you want.



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other director it would be a masterpiece. What Jancso has given us is an illustration of Hemingway's observation to the effect that if you are happy, "they" will try to destroy you, and probably succeed.

First-rate also was Carlos Saura's **Cria Cuervos**, a study of a death-obsessed girl of nine (the extraordinary Ana Torrent) in a bourgeois Madrid family. **Cria Cuervos** is not overtly political, but makes it clear nonetheless that fascism is partly responsible for the child's neurosis. The film shared the Jury Special Grand Prix with **Die Marquise von O...**, another of Eric Rohmer's exercises in futility.

The scandal movie this year was Daniel Schmid's **Schatten Der Engel**, from a Rainer Werner Fassbinder script. A Jewish property speculator (Klaus Loewitsch) in an unidentified city (the film was made in Vienna, but Fassbinder had Frankfurt in mind) takes up with a consumptive prostitute (Ingrid Caven) to avenge himself on her Nazi father, whom he believes killed his parents in a death camp. To oblige Miss Caven, who is Weary Of It All, Loewitsch, referred to throughout the film only as "der Jude," the Jew, strangles her. The police cover for him by pinning the crime on the dead woman's pimp (Fassbinder).

Once again, synopsis is misleading, because **Schatten Der Engel** is in no way as foolish as it may sound. The plot is used to justify a theatrical, expressionist treatment, complete with song commentaries à la Brecht, and Schmid makes it work.

Art, however, is not the only issue here. **Schatten Der Engel** arrived in Cannes with a bad reputation stemming from the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*'s attack on it as a vehicle of "New Left anti-Semitism." A week after the film was shown in competition, the Israeli delegation packed their bags and left Cannes in protest. What took them so long? It seems the house was full when they tried to get into the Palais des Festivals screening, and they also missed the film when it was shown the following day in a cinema on the Rue d'Antibes. So they requested a private screening, but it fell through because the print had gone back to Schmid's native Switzerland. Incensed over this, the Israelis left.

Considering the film's notoriety, it's hard to understand why the Israelis didn't make sure they got to the Palais in time. As it is, I think Schmid and Fassbinder are being unfairly criticised, because I certainly didn't find the film anti-Semitic. Indeed, amid a bunch of freaks and caricatures, Loewitsch's Jew stands out as a man of strength and intelligence. But I hope *Take One* readers get the chance to judge for themselves.

There was also a fuss over two of the four official French entries, Joseph Losey's **Mr Klein** and Roman Polanski's **Le Locataire**. When the French selection was announced, there was an outcry from professional groups within the French film industry, including the Société des Réalisateurs de Films, which runs Directors Fortnight. The groups issued a joint statement complaining that for the first time they had not been consulted over the French selection, and they accused Culture Minister Michel Guy — who this year instituted a different method of selection, by a four-member committee — of high-handedness. The protest made no reference to Losey and Polanski, but *Le Monde* commented that the fact that both directors were foreigners "is probably not unconnected with the reservations over the 'French' selection." (In fact Polanski, who was born in Paris, had just received French naturalisation.)

Then Frédéric Mitterrand, one of the four selectors, resigned. Mitterrand, who runs an art-house complex near Montparnasse and is the nephew of the French Socialist Party leader, said that, contrary to what had been announced, none of the four films chosen had received the unanimous approval of the selectors, and he personally had voted against the Losey and the Polanski.

Mitterrand's statement was immediately denied by the festival president, Robert Favre-Lebret. All very Byzantine, in the classic French manner, and I shan't speculate here as to who was telling the truth. (One of the films Mitterrand thought should have been included in the official selection, Bernard Queysanne's **Le Diable Au Coeur**, was screened in Directors Fortnight. It's dreadful.)

Festive vignettes

Facing the Mediterranean between the Palais where most of the major films are shown, and the Carlton Hotel where much of the major intrigue occurs, is a large sidewalk restaurant. Every day its tables are crowded. And every day two Europeans in cowboy outfits earn many francs from their oft-repeated sleight of hand performances among those tables.

Each of the men is tall and thin and wears his hair long. One is rather handsome, the other looks like an extra from **Deliverance**. In unison they dance back and forth in front of the tables and perform their three-part show. They begin with handfuls of small lighted cigarettes. One by one, they place the cigarettes slowly and clearly in their mouths, close their jaws, chew, and swallow. When all of the cigarettes are gone, the stunt is repeated with a set of razor blades. Finally, lighted matches are used in the same fashion. Standing behind them during the act, one can observe a constant stream of cigarette butts being tossed into the street.

These two men are not lone performers. White-faced musicians stroll frequently among the tables. A polio victim sits in his wheelchair in front of the same hotel every day. And, of course, aspiring stars promenade through the crowds unnoticed, while established stars have their photographs taken.

At a showing of **L'Empire des Sens**, a film of sado-masochism, copulation, and male dismemberment, popular desire for entry resulted in a near riot. As the crowd packed the outer lobby of the theater, the management announced that first admittance was restricted to the Press. However, not having organized the line before the mob formed, the theater people forced the members of the Press Corps to attempt to fight their way through the crowd. Through no fault of their own, the Press contributed to the madness by following directions. As tensions mounted and time passed, the pushing of the crowd increased and the man attempting to regulate entry kept screaming at the mass and calling them "pigs." Miraculously, no one was hurt.

For a nighttime showing of Roman Polanski's new film at the Palais, the Festival people seemed to have distributed more tickets than there were seats available. Tempers flared when ticket-holders were turned away, and two men were thrown through glass doors and had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance. A young man, after tapping an usher who had shoved his sister, was knocked down and pummelled by the usher and three of his co-workers.

At a Palais showing of **Hedda**, a public address announcement destroyed much of the film's impact. At a climactic point in the dialogue, the sound was abruptly turned off. As the projector continued to run, a long statement was made in French, and then repeated in English, that Glenda Jackson would be on stage after the film to say a few words. When the audio was returned, the dialogue was virtually over. Ms. Jackson did appear. She said good evening and thank you. She received much applause, but the audience lost much content.

I'm pleased that I attended the Festival. It seems to me to be something that anyone with a serious interest in film should experience...

I have no particular desire to return.

Scott Leff

Scott Leff attended the Cannes Film Festival with the University of Pennsylvania summer school group. His first trip to Cannes left him with the impression that the Festival's mystique does not withstand close scrutiny.

Mr Klein stars Alain Delon as Robert Klein, a shady art dealer in wartime Paris profiteering from Jews who have to sell up fast. Gradually he becomes aware that another Robert Klein, a Jew, is planting the suspicion in the minds of the authorities that he and Klein-Delon are the same person. Delon's search for his *doppelganger* finally gets him caught up in the July 1942 French police roundup of some 15,000 Jews, and he is deported to Auschwitz. It's a remarkable film, from a director I normally can't abide. Even Delon puts in a convincing performance.

At Losey's press conference, a reporter asked what he thought about allegations that **Mr Klein** was not authentically French because its director was American.

"I think it's just a joke," Losey replied. "One mustn't forget that General Chauvin was French."

He described the film as "a cautionary fable in a kind of French translation."

"The real lost generation," he said, "far more lost than Hemingway's, are those in their early twenties." He went on to explain that from his own experience, young people in the United States and elsewhere knew virtually nothing about events such as those depicted in **Mr Klein**.

"On the streets of Paris when we were filming," he said, "we found a lot of anti-Semitism. People don't want to know. Now they'll have to know. All the events in the film are historically documented."

People had to learn from the past, he said, but added: "The danger is not necessarily anti-Semitism. The danger is much wider — it is open fascism."

Polanski, at his press conference, was more diplomatic, but when asked why he had set **Le Locataire** in Paris, replied that he had lived in a number of world capitals and had found that "the French are more xenophobic than other people."

His answer is the key to the film, in which Polanski himself stars as a timid clerk who rents a seedy Paris apartment after its previous occupant commits suicide. Oppressed by the atmosphere in the apartment and the hostility of the other people in the building, the clerk develops hallucinations, and you can guess how the film ends. Polanski has done an interesting thing: he has adopted the symbolic, oblique technique used by East European directors to criticise their own regimes and turned it against the French. Being a foreigner in France, the film says, can drive you to suicide.

Films from what are hopefully called the developing countries don't get much of a showcase in the competition section, which is heavily weighted in favor of the United States and Western Europe. There was one Latin American entry this year, the Mexican **Actas de Marusia**, already seen at Los Angeles.

Actas de Marusia, directed by the 33-year-old Chilean exile, Miguel Littin, shows the bloody suppression of a Chilean miners' strike. The time is 1907, but the film draws an obvious parallel with present-day Chile. It's effective both as anti-Pinochet propaganda and as an action movie, although I would quarrel with the implicit distinction it makes between "good" and "bad" violence. (Imperialism, Littin said at his press conference, has to be fought "to the death, if necessary.") The film also plugs Popular Frontism, which we should know by now is fatal to the non-Communist Left. Allying with Stalinists to fight fascism is like calling in Lucky Luciano against Dutch Schultz.

Littin's press conference was the occasion for a gratuitous exhibition of Third World demagogy. Algerian director Mohamed Lakhdar-Hamina, whose **Chronique des Années de Braise** won last year's Palme d'Or, got up and congratulated "Comrade Littin" on his film, then launched into an attack on Tennessee Williams, the jury chairman. He was surprised, he said, that there had been no reaction at the festival to Williams' remarks on screen violence.

A few days earlier Williams had taken the unusual step, for a jury chairman, of calling a press conference. He was, he said, "afraid much of the time" when watching films in competition. Some present-day movies were the cinema's equivalent of gladiatorial combats and a "brutalising experience" for the spectator. He expressed the belief that the other members of the jury, which included Costa-Gavras and Charlotte Rampling, shared his feelings.

Apparently they did not. **Taxi Driver** won the grand prix, to the surprise of most and the anger of those of us who considered Martin Scorsese's film a slick apology for fascism.

Shyam Benegal's **Nishant**, the Indian entry in competition, deals with a 1945 peasant uprising in Hyderabad. The film was, I thought, disgracefully underrated by the press at Cannes. For the first hour or so, admittedly, we seem to be watching a slow-moving curry Western, but Indian films take time to build, and **Nishant** rewards patience.

Directors Fortnight gave us the Brazi-

Parties

Socially, the Festival was once again a thumping success. George Barrie's cocktail party at the Carlton for Glenda Jackson, Faye Dunaway and Cliff Robertson (who's going to direct a film for Brut) managed to crowd more people into one room than the laws of physics allow. Including at least a hundred rude, shoving photographers who make the paparazzi of Rome seem like gentlemen... writer Harold Robbins, who throws the kind of parties he writes about in his books, tossed one in honor of the upcoming film version of his best-selling novel, *The Pirate*. Robbins took over one of Cannes' most popular discotheques — the Playgirl — for the night, and sent handsome gold invitations to all the important and beautiful people in Cannes. (It was the hottest ticket in town!) In one room, a Greek musical combo with a trio of comely belly dancers — in another, a terrific jazz band playing American rock so loud it could be heard in Nice... and the most exotic Levantine-type food this side of Istanbul. During the course of the party, author-producer Robbins introduced the star of the picture Omar Sharif, and his director, Just Jaeckin, who made **Emmanuelle**. A fun evening... Third big party of the Festival scene was Nico Mastorakis' shindig to publicize his upcoming film **The Greek Tycoon**, to star Anthony Quinn in a story said to be loosely based on the career of Aristotle Onassis. A Greek cruise ship steamed into Cannes harbor for a couple of hours, during which time a flotilla of speed-boats took guests out to the vessel for a quick party. As usual, there were too many people, not enough boats, with lots of resultant pushing and shoving. But anyone who attends the Cannes Film Festival better become accustomed to that...

Tennessee Williams, president of this year's Festival jury, gave a press conference in which he deplored the violent content of today's films; then moved out of the Carlton and went to the posh Hotel du Cap D'Antibes because, as he said, his dog preferred the Cap's elevators... Another guest at the Cap was actor David Carradine, who has been informed by the hotel management that he will not be welcome back again, because during his stay he managed to damage his suite so badly that the hotel had to refurbish. Carradine told them to send the bill to his film distributor.

Prices in Cannes at Festival time were sky-high, as usual. The food ranges from good to excellent, depending on one's tastes and pocketbook. Lots of circusy atmosphere. Guitar players, rock groups, circus-fire-eaters — all ranging up and down the Croisette entertaining sidewalk cafe patrons at all hours. And the girl-watchers gawking at the beach, looking for topless girls — no shortage of those in Cannes... but then, there's no shortage of anything in Cannes during Festival time, except peace and quiet...

Max Weinberg

Max Weinberg, brother of regular Take One *columnist Herman Weinberg, was in Cannes on business, and sent us some of his impressions of the social scene.*

lian **O Casamento (The Wedding)**, a pitch-black comedy from Arnaldo Jabor, who directed the unforgettable **All Nudity Shall Be Punished**. Black humor is usually the sign of a petrified heart, but Jabor, who can make even leprosy seem side-splittingly funny, is manifestly a man of feeling and, considering where he has to work, political courage. As an anti-bourgeois satire, **O Casamento** is so brilliant it almost exhausts the genre. As in the earlier film, Jabor makes ironical use of popular music (i.e., Ellington's *"Prelude To A Kiss"*) to comment on the action, and the main character is once again the splendid Paulo Porto.

Directors Fortnight opened with what turned out to be the popular hit of the festival, the Franco-Japanese **L'Empire Des Sens**, directed by Nagisa Oshima. Based on an incident that occurred in Japan in 1936, the film is probably the most thoroughgoing study of sexual obsession the cinema has yet given us. Its premise is that a man in the throes of strangulation becomes hyper-virile, and the hero — no male chauvinist he — allows the heroine to test out this theory. It works like a charm, but things escalate, and eventually, of course, she kills him. She then castrates him to obtain a keepsake of their love. Women, I noticed, enjoyed the film more than men did.

Geoffrey Minish

Confessions of a Cel-Washer

The Duck-Billed Platitude

Humour has its logic as certainly and as necessarily as does any other kind of story-telling. Chaplin, Benny, W.C. Fields, all are believable and obey certain rules of rationalism. A rationality usually bigger and therefore more evident than ours. Out of this rationalism comes recognition and sympathy, and sympathy is the essence of all drama, comic or tragic.

I think contrived logic is another word for laziness. Superman's "never-ending fight against evil" is an example. By whose authority? This in itself is a contradiction against everything we know about human behavior. We would *like* to think that we had Superman's incredible physical prowess and the supreme insolence to take over absolute police powers without authority or election, but we don't believe it. Many of us sublimate what should be laughter in favour of a child-like hope that if such powers are possible to Superman then they may (some impossible tomorrow) be possible to us. Quite the opposite with the Coyote — the logic of his failure is self-evident. I think we believe the Coyote and sympathize with him too, because in his never-ending fight against the Roadrunner he tries all schemes, grandiose and trivial, and falls flat on his face every time, which is precisely what we would be likely to do. The Coyote's failings are magnifications of our own stumblings, and while the magnification of success is never very believable, exaggeration of failure is nearly always so. We want to believe successes, but believing and wanting to believe is all the difference between art and pretense.

James Bond's success, if you examine it, is due to the most magnificent set of goof-ups in the history of films. If the average British secret service man is as inept, awkward, myopic and just plain nutty as James Bond, then England's lion is indeed spastic. James Bond is just an English coyote, and that's just what makes him work.

We had a producer once who was an interesting combination of a coyote and James Bond — he was bona-fide in a ghastly sort of way, believing himself incapable of mistake but actually being incapable of a genuine, honest, decent gesture or word. I cannot dignify his memory by using his real name — if the term "real" is logically applicable to such distortion — let's call him Harry.

We were laughing together — directors, writers, story-sketch men — over some foolishment, probably the great Michael Maltese demonstrating the physical frustrations of a man queer for bluebottle flies, when we were interrupted by "What the hell has all this laughter got to do with the making of animated cartoons?"

It was an appealing figure our producer made standing in the doorway: a sagging, myopic Rumpelstiltskin in wrinkled rompers. Harry somehow always looked badly packaged rather than clothed, a razor-backed shoat wrapped as a gift in grey serge butcher paper decorated by a varicose cravat that hung to his knees, somewhat like a shiny sporan. His hands, or rather his stubby fists, were dug stiffly and fretfully into his coat pockets and the tiny flaps that spanned the bridge of his bulbous nose were aflame with anger. No one unfamiliar with Harry would have known that he was happy.

Most of us, I think, are uncertain of the elements that will bring us happiness; liquor, love, triumph, filial or canine affection — satisfied conceits vary in making us as one with our many cosmos. But to Harry only anger was ultimately satisfying, unvaryingly pleasant; his small wicked ego flourished only when spoon-fed with venom.

Laughter he abhorred above all things because he could not understand it, it was as fearsome as a loon's call first heard by a novice camper; he feared it and believed that it betokened danger to him. His own smile was simply an inverted frown in which his jowls fought a quivering battle against gravity. Harry was the hair in the soup of laughter.

What *does* laughter have to do with the making of animated cartoons?

In one sense Harry was right, if the laughter of a humorist is overheard he is to some degree diminished. In his intercourse with his peers his laughter is no more a cognizant fact than the physical act of putting a foot on the brake is a conscious act to an experienced driver. Laughter is a kind of vocal recognition among humorists and is only meaningful when undefined from other kinds of communication. A gag or a piece of business is included because "the writer, director, and gagman likes it" and for no other reason, certainly not because another cartoonist laughs at it. It is part of the necessary climate of humour but we do not hear the laughter as such, but it is a necessary contribution to the overall recognition of a great gag when it happens, it helps us to identify the fleeting bird called humour.

Harry's furious question was in bad taste not because it was completely ludicrous, but because it was a gross intrusion of privacy. He was the voyeur in the dressing room of the Follies Bergère; his question was not a question, it was a belch.

The laughter stopped.

I do think Harry contributed to our needs albeit inadvertently. ("There's something new take it out" was as consistently repetitive in his speech as "Have a good day" is to a waitress.) He was the anti-matter of laughter. Mike and I wrote **Bully for Bugs** precisely because Harry told us with absolute authority that there was "nothing funny about a bull fight." **Bully for Bugs** was easy to write, to gag and to direct because unlike other stories where we suffered hideous tortures of uncertainty, we *knew* it would be a success before we saw it — and it was one of the best Bugs Bunny's to come out of our unit. Something must be said for anti-creativity; perhaps having a man around a cartoon plant who hated laughter was not all that bad, and indeed he was funny all by himself — once:

When he finally left the studio after 12 years of unbridled and ineffectual efforts to destroy our love for animation Harry's final word, faithful to the last in his catch-fart way to his adored Warner Brothers, who were just releasing **Sayonara**, with a last gallant wave of his stubby, stubbly Joe McCarthy paw, was, "Saroyan."

Chuck Jones

Chuck Jones, well-known cel-washer, animator, director, producer, and lecturer, heads his own independent production company. Two books on him are due out this year, and his fame has spread as far as the USSR, where Chuck is pronounced Yak. No news on whether yaks are called chucks.

The Pros and Con of Take One

Big-time critic though he may be, TAKE ONE columnist Jay Cocks still prefers we not publish his photo. He asked friend Chuck Jones to send along this drawing of namesake Michigan J. Frog instead.

TAKE ONE contributor Albert Nussbaum back in 1962, when the FBI was looking for him. They described him as "an intelligent young man" and "an avid chess player" with an "engaging smile".

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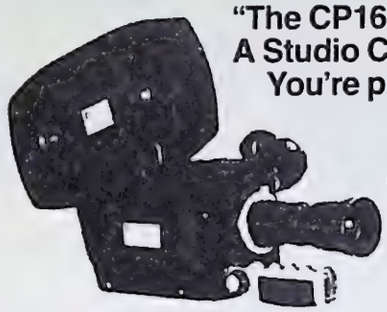

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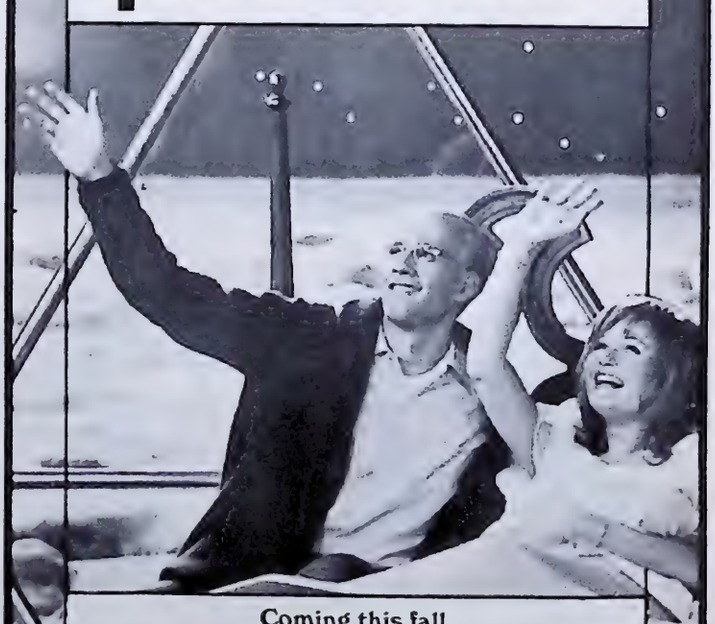

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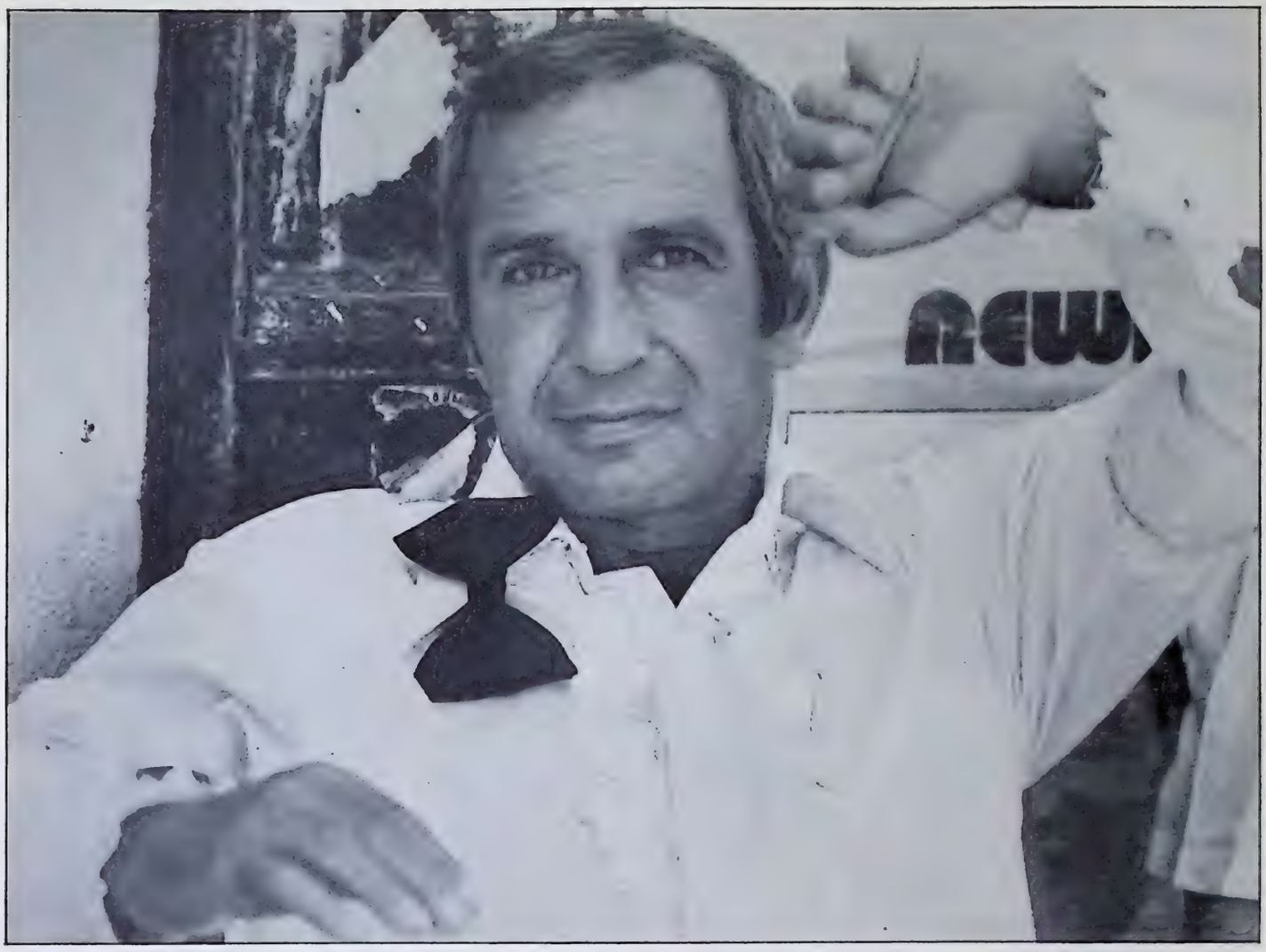

Inspired Muleheadedness

W.S. Di Piero reviews
'The Killing of a Chinese Bookie'
directed by John Cassavetes

It's become a critical commonplace to regard John Cassavetes as the wild home-movie man. Reviewers tend to admire him more for the circumstances under which he makes his films (produced, written, and directed by Cassavetes himself, using his friends and family as actors) than for what the films really are. One often detects a note of cautious affection, the kind we bestow upon nervy and ingenious, but not conventionally intelligent, children. His films are normally branded with the critical non-comment: "exciting, inventive, but flawed." Flawed, because Cassavetes ignores conventional dramatic structure and sacrifices traditional montage narration for an apparently self-indulgent realism. The visual sprawl of his films, however, is really the most efficient and evocative method available to this most deliberate filmmaker, whose method *constitutes* meaning. Ironically, **A Woman Under the Influence**, the one film in which method and meaning were divorced into manageable units, was also Cassavetes' first big commercial hit. Overripe with "significance", **A Woman** was a rather puny, cramped film; its Langian psychology, which acted as prescribed content, suppressed all the rich possibilities of improvisation. It was too much a thesis film, the only one Cassavetes has ever made, and it made him an accessible director. But not for long. With **The Killing of a Chinese Bookie** Cassavetes ends his brief infatuation with "meaning" and returns to the messy, homely, open-ended details of recognizable human behavior. Here, as in **Husbands** and **Faces**, improvised filmmaking embodies raw, improvised life.

Cassavetes is the least novelistic of contemporary American filmmakers. Nothing "unfolds" in his films. We witness instead the unravelling of personality, the loose-ended and intentionally untidy breakdown of people living improvised lives. Cosmo Vitelli (Ben Gazzara) runs a small strip-joint in Los Angeles. He doesn't realize he's living in extremity until he overextends himself in a poker game and runs up a high debt to a gang of fancy punks. They then coerce him into cancelling the debt by killing a powerful rival, the bookie of the title. Cosmo pulls it off, rather unexpectedly. When the hoods who set him up then try to kill Cosmo, he proves more resourceful than they had anticipated.

So much for plot. Cassavetes is not much interested in using events as dramatic scaffolding; his is a cinema of pure behavior rather than a cinema of hypercharged events. The sensational happenings in **The Killing** — the murder

A poet, translator, and essayist, W.S. Di Piero writes a regular column "On Film" for the American Poetry Review. His feature essay, "Serious Vulgarity: Recent American Cinema," is forthcoming in The Massachusetts Review.

of the bookie, and the mob's attempts to kill Cosmo — are deliberately played down, flattened out, so that they may be more quickly assimilated into character continuity, which is what interests Cassavetes most.

Cosmo is not a very likeable character. He prides himself on his class, his sophistication, and he tries very hard not to seem a punk. Self-esteem is the backbone of his life; humiliation of any sort cuts the ground from under his feet. He's humiliated by his gambling debt, by the murder he commits, and by his need to defend himself afterwards. Cosmo's notion of class is a little disconcerting. His club specializes in "artistic numbers," not strip-tease acts, which Cosmo himself choreographs. His girls, who flutter on stage around an epicene singer named Mr. Sophistication, would be insulted to be called strippers — they are artistic dancers. Cosmo loves and respects them, treating them as "performing artists." Cassavetes doesn't condescend to these people in any way; he gives us no excuse to sneer at their aspirations. The vanity of human wishes isn't restricted to highbrows. Unlike Altman, Cassavetes doesn't moralize or poke fun at the sincerely vulgar lives of his characters. Quite the contrary, his people possess a rude, neon poetry of their own, a poetry which is an expression of their vulnerability.

Cosmo's cool platitudinous exterior disguises, and protects, a soft sentimental center. His theme song, which serves as the center-piece for his club's act, is "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." Cosmo may play the bossy patriarch when puffing on fat cigars or pouring Dom Perignon, but he's a fool for feeling. His whole world turns on love, and his love can't survive without self-esteem. When his self-respect is threatened, Cosmo's defense of it becomes literally a defense of his life.

Cassavetes begins stacking these precarious tiers of shame and esteem at the very beginning of the film. In the precredit sequence Cosmo goes to an outdoor cafe to settle an old debt. The nervous, hunted look in his eyes betrays his composed, self-possessed appearance. He sits opposite his collector at a table and ridicules him for lacking class. The normal syntactical procedure in this kind of two-character set-up is usually a series of reverse angle shots, to establish the presence of both characters, and at least three or four straightforward reaction shots, to draw us into the *relation* between the two characters. But Cassavetes, in his inspired muleheadedness, sets the camera in uncomfortable close-up on Cosmo's face, then leaves it there. We are forced to stare at, rather than merely observe, the emotional vibrations registered on Cosmo's face. This long close-up (one of many) sinks us immediately into the strained continuity of human feeling.

Cassavetes' visual style is not as anecdotal as some would have us believe. The apparently vagrant movements of his camera inevitably result in a fierce concentration on character. It becomes clear in the opening scene that **The Killing** is not to be a film about the relations between characters so much as a film about Cosmo as the *source* of such relations. The space that surrounds Cosmo in each frame, and the way he fills that space, are both more important than the people who occupy it with him. Obviously this makes for a painfully (some would say tediously) egocentric movie, but Cassavetes makes no apologies for his obsession with the mysteries of the isolated self.

Although **The Killing** ought to be a kind of *film noir*, it has few of the pictorial conventions of the genre. It's a gangster film, to be sure, but rather than dramatize the bizarre moral zones of gangster behavior the film bears down on the banal and embattled quality of Cosmo's life. The actual killing of the bookie, filmed with breathtaking ellipses, elicits no thrills, no fear: it evokes instead a feeling of humiliation and muffled pain. Violence fuses with shame. When Cosmo confronts his victim — a shrivelled, harmless-looking old man — he sees in him a version of his own embarrassment. Anyone who lives an improvised overreaching life (like Cosmo, the bookie, and the punk Cosmo later kills) runs the risk of being fatally trapped by his own ambitions, hunted by his own mean aspirations.

No Fireworks

George Morris reviews
'The Missouri Breaks'
directed by Arthur Penn

Thomas McGuane is becoming the thinking man's Neil Simon. His script for **The Missouri Breaks** is liberally sprinkled with pungent one-liners, all tinged with that acerbic, anachronistic humour one has come to expect from his writing; but like Simon's manufactured comedies, it is woefully lacking in the development of a cohesive structure, consistent characterizations, and believable situations. Unfortunately for director Arthur Penn, this script — studied and precious as it is — is the root of everything that seems wrong or misguided about **The Missouri Breaks**.

McGuane's story about a supposedly enlightened rancher who hires a professional "regulator" to rid the range of an amiable, relatively benign group of rustlers is merely an excuse for the writer to trot out such predictable knee-jerk liberal favorites as the exploitation of individual endeavor by the capitalist landowner, and the exploration of the modes and methods of the western genre under the guise of revisionism. Such attitudinizing brings out the worst tendencies in Penn, whose films always veer perilously close to self-conscious cynicism anyway.

Penn's most successful films, e.g. **The Left-Handed Gun**, **The Chase**, and **Night Moves**, communicate a real tension between the investigation of myth that forms their true subject matter, and the modulations the director achieves within the conventions of the very myths under investigation. In **The Missouri Breaks** one gets the feeling that McGuane's overwritten script just simply got the best of Penn. The film doesn't even have much of a formal style, which even the director's least successful films have always had in abundance. In this blatantly "revisionist" western, one is left with little but a pervasive cynicism and a great deal of self-congratulatory, platitudinous anti-authoritarianism.

As in **Little Big Man**, Penn has failed to capture the flavor of day-to-day existence in the Montana of the 1880s. All the muddy streets, cowboys pissing on the range, frequent use of outhouses, and other, similar manifestations of verisimilitude cannot camouflage the lack of an interior reality or those behavioral truths with which a director can bring an historical period alive. Then again, Penn is not helped much by a set of characters whose dialogue often resembles a bitchy cocktail party held by the literati on New York's Upper West Side.

The Missouri Breaks is a particularly disappointing juncture in Arthur Penn's career, coming as it does on the heels of **Night Moves**, one of his very finest works. Even with its faults and excesses, however, the new film is not without its virtues, the most notable of which recur in almost every Penn film: an uncommonly brilliant group of performances, and the brutal lyricism of the violence.

Most of the violence in **The Missouri**

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Breaks occurs near the end of the film, as the hired killer Robert Lee Clayton (Marlon Brando) obsessively tracks down and kills the surviving members of the gang of horse thieves. In the peculiarly physical world of Arthur Penn, violence is almost always linked with death, and the images of death that suffuse **The Missouri Breaks** are among its most powerful and memorable. A young outlaw chews nervously on the strap of his cowboy hat as he watches one of his cronies hanged from a cottonwood. A hearse glides ominously through the muddy streets of town as the sky darkens and thunder reverberates throughout the countryside. The body of an unidentified corpse lies upright in an open coffin in the middle of town with its eerie message beckoning every passerby: "Do you know this man?"

Death explodes in this film in grotesque ways. A man is shot in the back while having sexual intercourse. Still another is killed while relieving himself in a privy. A weapon used for killing rabbits is transformed into an unusually ferocious instrument of death, its victim having just been fatally scorched in a fire of apocalyptic proportions.

The extreme physicality of the violence in Penn's films is paralleled by the physicality of the performances, and **The Missouri Breaks** is no exception. Of course the primary interest for most viewers has been the histrionic fireworks everyone expected would occur when Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson confronted one another onscreen. Unfortunately, the script has them play together in only four scenes, and even those scenes fall curiously flat, mainly because Brando is acting in a stratosphere totally outside the world of the film. It's one of his most bizarre performances, comparable in conception perhaps to his eccentric, perverse Major Penderton in Huston's **Reflections in a Golden Eye**.

If **The Missouri Breaks** had been blessed with a more tightly controlled formal structure, Brando's performance might be hopelessly out of key, but as it is, he is the propelling force underlying the entire film. Nicholson is marvelously subdued, burrowing from within to create a real, vibrant character which almost totally eliminates the star presence of his recent, flashier roles. Harry Dean Stanton and Randy Quaid stake further claim to their titles as two of the most talented character actors currently working in films. But ultimately, it is Brando and his particular myth which provides the true excitement of **The Missouri Breaks**. To watch Brando playfully drop an insect into the open mouth of a sleeping Randy Quaid and then feign innocence when his startled victim awakens, or to eavesdrop on him while he declares his love for his horse in the deceptive quiet of a forest glade, is to be privilege to the art of acting at its zenith. Indeed, the single most expressive image in **The Missouri Breaks** is the look of disbelief and horror on Brando's face when he awakens to discover that his throat has just been slit by an avenging Nicholson. Once he dies, the remaining minutes of the film seem to be merely treading water.

Anno Uno, Anno Trenta

James Monaco reviews
'Anno Uno'
directed by Roberto Rossellini

Consider the situation of Italy at the end of the second World War; after 23 years of Fascism and war the politics and economics of the country were in such a parlous state that any thought that the country would survive (much less flourish) for thirty years more must have seemed, at best, absurd. Mussolini, it's true, had been deposed two years earlier in July of 1943 and the non-Fascist Badoglio government which succeeded him had signed a truce with the allies and finally been granted "co-belligerent" status against Germany, but the nation had received precious few of the benefits that one might have thought would accrue with the formal end of Fascism and the war against the Allies. Instead, Mussolini was kidnapped by the Nazis and reinstated as head of a puppet regime in the north, while most of the rest of the country suffered a spiritual as well as economic paralysis as what Churchill has called "the hot rake of war" gouged the countryside, moving ever so slowly northward. Meanwhile the Nazis drained raw materials and food from those areas of the peninsula still under their control. In 1945, then, Italy was hungry, distraught and dispirited as a variety of parties and politicians — out of power for nearly a quarter of a century — struggled for control of the remnants of the country.

Compounding the confusion were several other special problems: the Partisan political structure in the north had flourished independently during the preceding two years but now had to be integrated with the political structure of the rest of the country; the Monarchy had somehow survived the debacle; and the wide spectrum of the Left — which should have been the natural focus for a post-war government — was haunted by memories of its failures after the first World War. Add to this mix the foreboding presence of the Church (which had emerged from the Fascist period as a stronger political force than it had been before) and the ever-present threat of a renewal of Fascism, and it is clear that the prospects for the nation of Italy must have appeated ludicrous in 1945.

Roberto Rossellini, whose **Anno Uno** describes and analyzes this post-war political imbroglio, was molded by these events. In addition, he had been — as much as any artist can — an active participant, for **Rome, Open City** and **Paisan** did much to establish the basic sensibility of post-war Italian culture and remain even today two of the most influential Italian films ever made, notable for their drama, immediacy, and passion; they remain the most striking examples of "Italian Neorealism."

But in the last thirty years Rossellini has moved far beyond that influential but short-lived post-war aesthetic. For the last ten years and more he has devoted himself exclusively to television films, not only because state-run European television networks were willing to grant him the freedom to make films about subjects theatrical and commercial producers would have thought arcane, but also because the aesthetics of the small screen fitted his interests best. The style he has recently developed — the result of a lifetime of moviemaking — is confusing and difficult for many, even the most ardent cinephiles. It is marked by a respect for physical reality which is philosophically materialist, and by a fascination with ideas and the way they interact that can only be called dialectical. His camerawork is circumspect: shots are allowed to find their own natural rhythms, they aren't edited to excite or amuse viewers; the camera pans and zooms (Rossellini has invented his own special version of the zoom lens) but seldom tracks *into* the scene, as if it abhorred such an intrusion upon the physical reality it is filming. The actors are almost always nonprofessionals; that way, the "art" of acting can't distort the shape of the materials Rossellini's characters are meant to convey. In short, this is a kind of filmmaking we can no longer call "neorealism" — "infrarealism" might be a better word, since Rossellini's main intent, it seems, is to discover a structural and philosophical reality which underlies the phenomena of the physical world and the intellectual events of history.

Anno Uno is Rossellini's first "theatrical" feature since the early sixties, but the differences between it and such recent Rossellini telefilms as **Blaise Pascal**,

Socrate, and **Cosimo de' Medici** are minimal: the production is slightly more elaborate since there is a larger screen to fill, but on the other hand the time scheme is more rigidly limited. (One of the advantages of television for Rossellini is the opportunity to make long films that can run as a series.) And, although the subject matter of **Anno Uno** is clearly more dramatic and relevant than that of most of the telefilms, his approach to it is unchanged. He isn't interested first in the melodrama of post-war Italy, but rather in the subtext of that drama: the ways in which political thought patterns grew up in those years that have affected Italian life ever since.

I began this piece with a rather lengthy description of the complex politics of Italy in 1945 because in order to understand what **Anno Uno** is about it seems to me necessary to have a feel for the desolate if intricate political landscape at the time. Rossellini has phrased his essay on the intellectual ferment of those years as a biographical study of Alcide De Gasperi, the leader of the Christian Democrats and Prime Minister who dominated Italian politics between the end of the war and his sudden death in 1958. The choice of De Gasperi seems strange at first. Not only are Rossellini's politics considerably to the left of the Christian Democrats but, since it is that party which has controlled Italian politics ever since and is therefore responsible for the chaotic situation today, it doesn't seem profitable to make a film which is supposed to be actively critical of the contemporary situation out of a laudatory life story of the founder of the Christian Democrats.

Yet Rossellini has his reasons, of course. In the first place there is an emotional attachment to De Gasperi who, after all, managed to guide Italy into a position of some stability and prosperity in the late forties and early fifties. For Rossellini, he "towers over that period because of his authority, intuition, wisdom, understanding of the problems, and determination to bring about recovery." More important, perhaps, Rossellini's attachment to De Gasperi is strong because he finds in the politician a man who saw the world the way he does: as a complex web of conflicting energies which our intelligence must orchestrate into meaning. For Rossellini, De Gasperi is a man who wanted "a continual dialectic to take place between the parties, while the function of the oppositions was to be considered irreplaceable." This pattern of dialectic logic unites Rossellini's films of the last ten years; the fascination of each of them — not least **Anno Uno** — comes from the way in which Rossellini reveals the muted but inexorable growth of the organic logic of his subject.

Like most of Rossellini's recent films **Anno Uno** is also in a way "uncinematic" since it treats ideas rather than emotions (which could more easily be translated into images and sounds). This is a direct consequence of his unique approach to his subjects. As with Brecht, the situation is de-dramatized so that the audience can pay closer attention to the elaborate logical webs that Rossellini weaves for his historical characters to confront. **Anno Uno** is a film, then, of argument and conversation: a pageant of meetings, with De Gasperi the focal point, the arbitrator. Palmiro Togliatti has arrived from exile and wants a united front between the Communists and the caretaker Badoglio government. Others in the party don't. They argue the issue and gradually the rationales for both positions become clear. The Socialists split into two factions, led respectively by Saragat and Nenni. Likewise the Christian Democrats embrace a dialectic, the poles of which are personified by Fanfani and Gronchi. Always, De Gasperi is seen as the orchestrator, the intellectual in the middle of the ferment. There is a real sense in **Anno Uno** of the curious combination of boredom and patience which anyone in politics knows to be at the heart of it. Each new crisis is worked out by argument. Even the emotional center of the film — the attempt on Palmiro Togliatti's life which symbolized the possible renascence of the Fascist threat — lends itself to this pattern. It is significant that someone *else* is the subject of the dramatic highpoint of the film, and that Rossellini is more interested in his protagonist's reaction to it than in the event itself.

If De Gasperi is the focal point of this web of political relationships, nevertheless the perspective of the film is not strictly his own.* Rossellini frames the discussions, actions and reactions of the political figures by periodically cutting to a scene of a group of people in a cafe who comment with a mixture of passion and irony on the public events and statements. It is typical of Rossellini's style that this chorus is backed by a large mirror in the cafe so that we are reminded *materially* of their function in the dialectic, which is to reflect (and to reflect *upon*) this historical pageant which is being acted out before them.

Despite the heavy emphasis in **Anno Uno** on the intricate patterns of this historical logic — a subject which after all does not yield itself very easily to pictorial representation — the film is visually exciting as well. It is a collection of striking eidetic images, the kind a generation shares: memories of the searing mixture of hope and fear which marked the period — a dream of refugees, bombs, rubble, corpses, and desolation; the emptiness of the streets and shops; listening to the radio, straining to hear news, any news; the honestly joyous welcome of the American troops; magazine pictures of Nazi atrocities revealed; and so on. These may have become clichés in the thirty years since, but Rossellini handles them with a restraint and clarity that gives them, of a sudden, new life — that transforms stereotypes into archetypes. In this sense **Anno Uno** is a celebration of shared experience and patriotic in the best sense of that word.

Yet finally the film leaves us with more fear than hope. Despite De Gasperi's successes of the moment: the recovery of Italy, the erasure of the scars of the hot rake of war, the establishment of a political structure that had — at least — an opening to the left — despite these real accomplishments, De Gasperi is no hero. If he is to serve as a model for those who wield power in Italy today it is because Rossellini makes a major point of his openness to the CPI and his understanding of the absolute necessity of an honest dialectic between parties. But no modern Christian Democrats (who are in far too many cases old men whose younger selves appear in this film) are going to listen to this message. **Anno Uno** is not meant to have that kind of direct political effect. For Rossellini, the central fact of De Gasperi's experience is that he gets caught up in the historical dialectic: that no single actor can measureably change the drama.

After a long speech to a couple of his associates — in effect, an *apologia pro vita sua* — De Gasperi concludes:

> I know what they'll say about me — that I reconstructed Capitalism in the guise of reconstructing the nation. They give me no choice.

The comment is a rather weak rationale, an excuse not only for De Gasperi but

If the film is seen strictly as an homage to De Gasperi, then of course it becomes little more than Christian Democratic propaganda: this is its most embarrassing facet.

Credits

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie
A Faces Distribution release. Director: John Cassavetes. Producer: Al Rubin. Script and Screenplay: John Cassavetes. Cinematography: Fred Elmes and Mike Harris. Music: Anthony Harris. Supervising Editor: Tom Cornwell. Cast: Ben Gazzara, Seymour Cassel, Timothy Carey, Robert Phillips, Morgan Woodward, John Red Kullers, Al Ruban, Azizi Johari, Virginia Carrington, Meade Roberts, Alice Friedland, Donna Gordon, Trisha Pelham, Soto Joe Hugh

The Missouri Breaks
A United Artists production. Director: Arthur Penn. Producers: Elliott Kastner and Robert M. Sherman. Screenplay: Thomas McGuane. Cinematography: Michael Butler. Music: John Williams. Editors: Dede Allen, Jerry Greenberg and Stephen A. Rotter. Production Design: Albert Brenner. Costumes: Patricia Norris. Cast: Marlon Brando, Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Lloyd, Randy Quaid, Frederic Forrest, Harry Dean Stanton, John McLiam, John Ryan.

Anno Uno
A Rusconi Film production. Director: Roberto Rossellini. Executive producer: Silvia D'Amico. Production manager: Sergio Jacobis. Script and screenplay: Rossellini, Luciano Scaffa and Marcella Mariani. Cinematography: Mario Montuori (Eastmancolor). Set Design: Giuseppe Mangano. Music: Mario Nascimbene. Editor: Jolanda Benvenuti. Cast: Luigi Vannucch, Dominique Darel, Rita Calderoni, Valeria Sabel, Enni Balbo, Paolo Bonaccelli, Francesco Di Federico, Tino Bianchi, Francesco Lorillo, Aldo Rendine, Renato Montalbano, Piero Palermini. 120 mins.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians
A United Artists release of a Dino De Laurentiis presentation of the David Suskind production of a Robert Altman film. Produced and Directed by Robert Altman. Screen Story & Screenplay: Alan Rudolph and Robert Altman. Based on the play "Indians" by Arthur Kopit. Photography: Paul Lohmann. Music: Richard Baskin. Editors: Peter Appleton, Dennis Hill. Sound: Jim Webb, Chris McLaughlin. Cast: Paul Newman, Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy, Harvey Keitel, Allan Nicholls, Geraldine Chaplin, John Considine.

Distance
A Cine Bright release of a Clover/Liberty Studios production. Director, Editor and Cinematographer: Anthony Lover. Producer: George Coe. Screenplay: Jay Castle. Cast: Paul Benjamin, Eija Pokkinen, James Woods, Bibi Besch, Hal Miller, Polly Holiday, Bruce Kornbluth. 94 mins.

also for Rossellini, who has chosen to place him at the center of the film. But there is also a certain sense in which that comment is true. If we could understand *why* it happened that way (not only in Italy, but in the U.S., in Britain, in France...), *why* it proved impossible for the Left, which was vital before the war, to recover after it and move forward, then we would have a much more useful sense of the paralysis which now grips us. This could be Year One, again.

Histrionics

Will Aitken reviews
'Buffalo Bill and the Indians'
directed by Robert Altman

Robert Altman's **Buffalo Bill and the Indians** opens the same way **Nashville** closed: with a shot of the American flag.

There are a couple fewer stars on **Buffalo Bill**'s flag — the setting the American West of 1886 — but it's **Nashville**'s preoccupations run past again, although on a less epic scale: America as theatre, America as advertising, America as self-promotion, with the entertainment industry serving as metaphor for the country itself.

The industry this time round is represented by Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and William F. Cody's attempt to work up a good set-piece featuring an extremely recalcitrant Sitting Bull.

Will Aitken is a Montreal-based critic, broadcaster and poet. He teaches at Concordia University and Vanier College.

All this, according to the credits, was "inspired by" Arthur Kopit's play of a few seasons back, "Indians." A play it tends to remain, even under Altman's direction, with over-schematicized juxtapositions of the White Man/Red Man sort ("Indians give their lives to dreams, White Men only dream when things are going good... Indians follow a dream until it comes true" — much of it sounds dangerously close to Broadway).

The screenplay — Altman and Alan Rudolph's collaboration by way of *Ragtime* (Doctorow himself makes a cameo) — attempts to open things up with the whimsically presented ancillary characters and situations we've come to recognize as Altman's stock-in-trade, but the movie keeps coming back to clumsy stage-bound moments (such as the long and badly-paced scene in which the spirit of the dead Sitting Bull returns to haunt a soliloquizing Buffalo Bill).

Buffalo Bill, like all of Altman's films, is well-crafted. Historical perspective maintained by lots of long and medium shots; close-ups used sparingly, for portraiture. Altman fills up his frames without making them busy: we've always a great deal to look at, and the anachronisms and malaprops on the soundtrack keep us chuckling (as does Richard Baskin's brassy score).

The cast seems big for such a small conceit as this. One wishes the likes of Paul Newman, Harvey Keitel, Geraldine Chaplin, Joel Grey and Kevin McCarthy had something they could really work together on. Newman does do especially well, though, at getting across Buffalo Bill's flaming narcissism. What could be more appropriate than Newman — long blond wig, raspy voice, eyes glittering with self-interest — gazing into every available mirror at Newman? Joel Grey too manages to get off a touching single tear, and Geraldine Chaplin's Annie Oakley has to be an improvement over Opal of the BBC.

What we take with us, however, once **Buffalo Bill**'s over is the look of the picture and its sudden throw-away beauties. Just as we recall the watery greens of **Thieves Like Us**, the monotonous khakis of **M*A*S*H** — Altman's cinematographer Paul Lohmann gives **Buffalo Bill** an almost monochromatic golden patina. (The entire movie was shot, with considerable pictorial success, on the Stoney Indian Reserve in Alberta.)

And if there is an indelible casual image (like the old drunk dancing on the ice in **McCabe and Mrs. Miller**), it's Sitting Bull, dancing his pony across a fire-lit arena to an air for flute and harp, eerily overlapped from the following scene.

But the scene the flute and harp actually accompany — featuring an opera singer and a slow tracking shot of her listeners — seems as big and blundering as the previous Sitting Bull scene was small and splendidly theatrical. The tracking shot immerses us again, like a bad college lecture, in the weightiness of history.

For all its genial spirits, **Buffalo Bill and the Indians** remains a history lesson, and a simple-minded one at that. That American history is the creation of flamboyant lies and showmanship strikes us at first as an amusing trifle and then quickly becomes an epigram shaggy-dogging its way across two hours of eccentric Altmanship.

Tracking Altman's Movies

Robert Altman's use of overlapping sound is central to his belief that audience attention should not be forced in one direction, and can be traced as far back as **Countdown**, Altman's first feature. At that time Jack Warner was dismayed by the fact that two people would talk at the same time.

M*A*S*H was the first film in which Altman made full use of overlapping sound to evoke the confusion and gritty reality of a hospital unit in Korea. Throughout his subsequent films Altman has made more and more use of this technique but until **California Split** the single overhead mike posed a major technical problem when it came time to cut the sound tracks together. This standard system records all the primary performers on a single sound track which made separating their voices almost impossible.

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Altman's production personnel experimented for three years in order to find a system that could make a reality of the way Altman thought movies should sound. His conception would give audiences the choice of listening to any one of a number of conversations, very much like eavesdropping at a restaurant or crowded party.

Invented by Jac Cashin of Lion's Gate and John Stephens of Stephens Electronics, the Lion's Gate Eight Track System was unveiled on **California Split**, and as sound mixer Jim Webb and boom man Chris McLaughlin discovered all its possibilities, work went on to perfect it for **Nashville** and Altman's latest film **Buffalo Bill and the Indians**, shot last summer on the Stoney Indian Reserve in Alberta.

The battery powered eight track recording system consists of a six channel wireless mike unit, a 16 channel input and 8 channel output consol, and a portable 1" 8 track recorder. It gives the director, the editor and dubbing mixer more freedom and minimizes cutting problems caused by having more than one performer on the same track. Each performer is recorded separately and up to seven performers can each have their own track.

The sound for multi-camera sequences is also more effective since editors can choose only soundtracks corresponding to performers on a particular camera. For example: during the shooting of the wild west show in **Buffalo Bill**, one camera might record Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin) and Frank Butler (John Considine) performing their act in the middle of the arena, another camera would be shooting wild west producer Nate Salsbury (Joel Grey) announcing the act from the podium, while a third focused on Buffalo Bill's nephew Ed

Goodman (Harvey Keitel), wild west publicist John Burke (Kevin McCarthy) and treasurer Jules Keen (Mike Kaplan) chatting with members of the press. When watching the Oakley-Butler act, the editor can listen to all, one, or any combination of the six people speaking.

Altman explained the process as simply, "unmixing sound".

In post production, the three primary performers, in this case Grey, Considine and Chaplin, are transferred to one piece of 35mm magnetic film. The three secondary tracks, Keitel, Kaplin and McCarthy, are transferred to another piece of three track film, while the seventh track would be used for an overall boom mike picking up ambient sound (crowd noise, guns going off, etc.). The eighth track carries the sync pulse which insures that the sound and picture will run together. Soundtracks are built in the conventional manner with the important difference that performers are still kept on separate tracks so that the dubbing mixer can equalize and adjust soundtrack levels for each performer. The heart of the system is the 1" battery powered servo controlled 8 track recorder which weighs only 50 pounds. Its portability and battery powered capability make it ideal for motion picture use. Without it the live music sequences in **Nashville** could never have been recorded. The old method of playback, having a performer mouth the lyrics to a recording and later dubbing the music, is no longer necessary as one can record the performer and music simultaneously but on different channels.

Future technical improvements, being supervised by Cashin, include a revolutionary 8 channel wireless mike system and a compact 16 channel mike console.

But for the present you will be able to listen to all the conversations in Grover Cleveland's Presidential box in **Buffalo Bill and the Indians** or just tune into your favourite — Colonel Prentiss Ingraham (Alan Nicholls) telling the first lady (Shelley Duval) how he lost his eye; Jules Keen and opera singer Nina Cavalini (Evelyn Lear) discussing how a lady protects her virtue; fashion reporter Florence Viva (Patricia Resnick) and Ed Goodman stroking each other's egos; publicist John Burke publicizing to anyone who will listen, or Mr. Fizician (E.L. Doctorow) talking to the president of the United States.

Adapted by Bruce Pittman

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Lost to Purple Significance

John Yates reviews
'Distance'
directed by Anthony Lover

Anthony Lover's first feature movie, **Distance**, is set in the Fifties, on an Army base in Georgia. The high school is for nostalgia pieces like **American Graffiti**; if you seriously intend to confront your audience with the murderously dull, static, dead-end essence of Fifties America, as I think Lover and the film's writer Jay Castle do, then you turn to the peacetime Army. In the Fifties themselves, the gaping emptiness of the Army was treated as a bothersome, inevitable episode in the natural order of things, something like puberty. Not even Elvis could avoid it. Hence *Sergeant Bilko*, and movies like **No Time For Sergeants**, Jerry Lewis's **Sad Sack**, and **Mister Roberts** (though set in World War II, its story of a Navy supply ship thousands of boring miles from the nearest Japanese is pure Fifties), all designed to make the waste of everybody's time by the military palatable by laughing at it. "They also serve who only stand and wait" was ultimately the moral of all these tales, and the watch-word of a time that waited, and waited, and waited.

The way Lover plays out his melodrama on the bare, severe stage of the Fifties, the way he welds it to that milieu, is one of the most admirable aspects of this first effort. The story is about a black career Army sergeant, his German wife, a young private first class, and the older woman with whom he has an affair. Right off it looks like pretty lurid stuff, and things eventually do get out of hand. But even when they do, they do so within the framework of a Fifties world tightly constructed by Lover, Castle, and the principal actors. When things get out of hand, at least they bolt off in the direction Lover originally headed them. The melodrama occurs within the environment, and because of the environment. It scores its points off its surroundings.

So a lot of the movie's bits could have fit in a *Bilko* episode. Paul Benjamin's Sgt. Elwood Horne is a stern-faced lifer with a patented line of Mother Army patter ("If the Army had wanted you to have dirty magazines, soldier, they'd have issued you some." "If the Army had wanted you to put your feet on my desk, they would have put a foot rest on it."). PFC Larry Vincent (James Woods) delivers a funny, late night philosophical, bunkmate's monologue ("What do you know about the fourth dimension, Malin?"). Bibi Besch plays the older, experienced businesswoman, who sleeps with base commanders to get permission to sell insurance to their troops; her appearance on the base brings all activity to a screeching halt, and the camera takes in her knowing, stringy blond presence through the eyes of all the sex-starved G.I.'s. Lover even manages a marijuana scene that seems completely natural to the times, free of any retrospective, self-conscious cuteness. Woods, eager to be corrupted, takes the "reefer" from Besch, puffs it once like tobacco, and declares that he feels nothing. The next shot shows the two reading a menu aloud in a restaurant and giggling hysterically.

However, the movie slips gradually from *Bilko* into **From Here To Eternity** (another movie set in World War II that's really about the Fifties), and the enterprise is lost to purple significance. The black sergeant is trapped with his white wife (Eija Pokkinen) in a dull Southern town. He eats away at his insides, mistreats his wife, pushes her towards the PFC. The PFC, trapped by his callowness, unable to let his own affair with the older woman mature into anything lasting, brushes the sergeant's wife off clumsily, fails, despite his liberal homilies, to really understand the sergeant's predicament, and eventually triggers the catastrophic, big bang ending. The final shot of the movie pulls away from the sergeant and the PFC, trapped together in their little office, trapped in their unalterably separate skins, trapped in the Army, trapped in the Fifties, trapped in society.

Though we do see the sergeant talking over his problems with his brother, and though Paul Benjamin does an excellent characterization of the black man in a white man's world, speaking in clipped, cautious, precise standard English, the locus of the film's vision is the white PFC. He is the only major character to come in contact with each of the other three. The movie's vision, like his, is young, immature, sentimental. Black people don't see the distance between us so much as a tragedy, but as a regrettable fact of life. Lover and Castle seem to understand that viewpoint; indeed, Benjamin's character embodies that view. But for all their understanding, they still can't seem to help but cry over the distance.

That weepiness finally dampens and extinguishes the buoyant, casual, humane feeling that keeps the film alive for so long. Before this movie Anthony Lover directed, with **Distance**'s producer George Coe, a hilarious short parody of Bergman films called **The Dove**. Lover did the camerawork on both films. In both films he shows a sense of setting, a sense of atmosphere, a sense of humour. He should make more movies.

John Yates grew up in Kansas and attended Stanford University. He works 'by day' as a full time typist in Columbia's Bursar's Office. He has not told Take One *what he does by night. He has contributed articles to* The Journal of Popular Film *and* The Thousand Eyes.

BOOKS

NEWS

Herewith, in no particular order, a listing of some off-beat but useful sources of specialized film information (when ordering copies of a document, be sure to mention that you heard about it in *Take One*):

- G.K. Hall & Co. (70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111; 617-423-3990) has published *Jewish Films in the United States*, compiled by Stuart Fox. There are some 4000 entries (features, shorts, television series, etc.) with technical info, a summary, and a source for each. $40 in the US, $44 elsewhere.
- Tab Books (Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214; 717-794-2191) has produced *How to Prepare a Production Budget for Film and Video Tape* (2nd Ed., 196 pp., $12.95), which tells how to estimate every cost associated with any-size production.
- The Center for Southern Folklore (1216 Peabody Ave., P.O. Box 4081, Memphis, TN 38104; 901-522-9433) has brought out an *Index of Films and Videotapes on American Folklore*, with over 2000 entries.
- Gale Research Co. (Book Tower, Detroit, MI 48226; 313-W01-2242) is distributing *The Literature of the Film* (398 pp., $35), which is a bibliographic guide to film as art and entertainment, with some 1303 entries covering the period 1936-70.
- Reel Research (P.O. Box 6037, Albany, CA 94706) has brought out a second edition of their truly indispensible *Film Programmer's Guide to 16mm Rentals* ($8.75), with the U.S. distributors of over 10,000 films listed.
- Pergamon Press (Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, NY 10523; 914-592-7700) has released a 2-volume reference work for animators called *Movements in Animation* ($100), by Brian Salt. Every form of movement is considered, and there are calculation tables too.
- Environmental Communications (64 Windward Ave., Venice, CA 90291) offer a set of 45 slides documenting the work of A.B. Heinsbergen, who decorated over 700 movie theatres, including the Hollywood Pantages. The slides and accompanying booklet sell for $63.
- The Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique (23 Ravenstein, 1000 Brussels) has just published a *Catalogue des Films Français de Long Métrage* (sound fiction films, over 60 mins. long, 1929-1939). Selling for 600 Belgian francs, it covers 1305 films, includes all the technical data and a summary of the story, as well as being indexed chronologically, and by the names of individuals involved.
- Anthology Film Archives (80 Wooster St., New York, NY 10012; 212-226-0010) is publishing the final issue of *The Bulletin for Film and Video Information* ($2 each), which will be a 20-30 page booklet that is to serve as a guide to the resources and services in the field of independent film and video (workshops, distributors, coops, books, periodicals, etc.).
- We've just seen our first copy of *Monogram*, a film publication ($5.25 for four issues) that comes out of England (63 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PN). Number 6 includes an article on the problems of staging history in the cinema, has an interview with Dusan Makaveyev, a discussion of Edgar G. Ulmer, plus lots else.
- Innervisions/ARC (Box 228, Station B, Toronto M5T 2W1) has published their *Access Resource Catalogue of Women's Films*, listing and summarizing relevant films available in the Toronto area. Of additional interest are the appendices dealing with the care, shipping and showing of films, lists of courses available, and other related matters.

REVIEWS

The New Wave (Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Rohmer, Rivette), by James Monaco. Oxford. 1976. 372 pp. $15.95. (In Canada: Oxford, $18.95)

Although its publisher has dubbed it "the first synthetic treatment of the New Wave," James Monaco's book is in fact a series of individual studies predicated upon the assumption that a common "phenomenon of intelligence" — of ideas considered as the "underlying logic" of film — distinguishes the work of his five subjects. Monaco's method is akin to that of the literary New Critics (Leavis, Ransom, Tate) who emphasize the autonomous status of the creative work: films are examined in a rigorous, analytic manner that seeks to uncover their fundamental subtexts of structure and sign, and relatively little attention is paid to questions of social context or intra-group influence. The amount of space allocated to each director — three-quarters of the book is devoted to Truffaut and Godard, while Chabrol, Rohmer and Rivette split the remainder — also works against any consideration of the *Nouvelle Vague* as a movement composed of interacting members rather than independent individuals with varying aptitudes and talents.

Monaco is an extremely perceptive and intelligent observer, however, and ***The New Wave*** supplies some of the best sustained criticism ever written about its filmmaker-subjects. His loving explications of Truffaut's "Antoine Doinel" cycle and experiments with genre films are scintillating examples of an intellectual approach to emotionally resonant material, and his dogged pursuit of Godard's quixotic ideological positions brings him nearer capture than any previous commentator. The sections on Chabrol, Rohmer and Rivette, although comparatively brief, do much to increase our understanding of directors whose work has been presented to North American audiences in piecemeal (and in the case of Rivette, practically non-existent) fashion.

Monaco's treatment of Godard's **Une Femme est une femme** is typical of his procedure. After the appropriate genre (the Musical) has been identified, Monaco embarks upon a detailed analysis of the way in which Godard works a set of dialectical variations into his traversal of an established form. Although particular attention is paid to the director's techniques of narration, more traditionally "dramatic" values are also given their due; and the discovery of the relationships between structure and content validates the conclusion that "At the risk of seeming ridiculous, Godard made a Musical." The admiring observer can only add that at the risk of seeming ridiculous, Monaco has developed a convincing critical interpretation of one of Godard's most unjustly neglected films.

Monaco is less than consistently illuminating on the *politiques* of his *auteurs* — his equation of "Marxist-Leninist," "Marxist" and "high Marxian" brands of political theory is a not atypical confusion — and his references to contemporary French intellectuals are often so brief and uninformative as to seem nothing more than sophisticated name-dropping. But these minor imperfections do not seriously detract from a very impressive book. The trenchant film-by-film analysis and accurate factual information provided by ***The New Wave*** will delight *cinéastes* of all but the most extreme persuasions, as James Monaco demonstrates that he is a master of the critical enterprise: to make us see, and

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to make us want to see.

Paul Stuewe

The Drawings of Norman McLaren, Tundra Books. 192 pp. 500 drawings. Bilingual edition $25.00.

"Film making is my work. Drawing is my play." — Norman McLaren

No one knew of these drawings. Through all the years of his film triumphs (having gleaned literally hundreds of awards throughout the world) no one knew that parallel to the films were his drawings, withheld from exhibition and sale, representing "his private world," done for himself only, and a few close friends. "They were my children," he explained. "Good or bad, one doesn't sell one's children." He was afraid, too, that if his drawings were to enter the public market place, they would cease to be "play," they would be considered part of his work. And then one day he agreed to a publisher's long held wish to do a book of them. "I felt," he said, "that even though I will not sell them, a book would be a way of letting anyone interested see them." As his publisher, May Cutler, president of Tundra Books, put it, "His millions of fans throughout the world will now have a new McLaren world through which to romp."

And what a world! Goya, in trying to make the point that the art of drawing did not depend, in the last analysis, on the art of the employment of color, said, "Give me a piece of charcoal and I will make you the loveliest picture in the world." The royal dolts, *majas* and frenzied mobs of Goya did not need color so much as they needed line, the withering lines that gave them life and said it all. His "Disasters of War" goes so far in the eloquence with which the black and white line drawing can go that it is beyond color. So was it with all the great black and white line drawing artists from Dürer and Hogarth to Doré and Beardsley. In our own time, Eisenstein has shown us the kind of satirical comment the black and white line drawing can make, as in his Russian drawings, not forgetting the drawings he made blocking out his films, and especially those he made in Mexico. Two books of these sardonic drawings have been published in Moscow.

McLaren's are different from anything else you have ever seen in this medium. So different as to have caused Picasso to say, "This is something new in drawing." The early drawings are of figures and faces, which serve also for surreal drawings, and studies to see how far out fantasy can take you. Some are labled "Puzzles and Mazes," others "Metamorphoses," some are of steps and doors, others of "Birds and Other Creatures," letters (actual letters, sometimes even wind-blown letters (wait till you see this), "Undulations," "Music," "Wash Drawings," "Structure," "Fantasy" — always fantasy — and, of course, "China," China, too, lyrical evocations of his own trip there, and how Chinese they look, which is the whole point of this kind of virtuosity. These could only have been done by McLaren, yet they could have been signed by Lu Fo-Ting or Chang Hsing-Chua or any other of the great Chinese landscape artists. That's the McLaren magic. There are pages, too, at which you will stop and wonder... there are nudes and phallic drawings and always wit and humour and literally a surprise on every page. Beardsley and McLaren would have made *corpsbrüder* and, indeed, there is an untitled (most of the drawings are titled and some have comments by the author) face that is a witty (*if* unconscious) psychical portrait of Oscar Wilde (p. 23). In short, the more you bring to these drawings, the more you will get out of them. I cannot see how they can fail to be a revelation to anyone, whether to greater or lesser degree. It proves that whether you make drawings that move (his films) or those that brood in time on the page (his book), the important thing is to leave the spectator with images which once seen cannot be forgotten. "What has been seen cannot be unseen," says Galileo in Brecht's play. "Man is constant." The witchery of this book is an experience worth having, an artistic catharsis worth experiencing. Besides all of which, it's great fun.

Herman G. Weinberg

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

New books dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices (where differing from U.S. publisher and price) are noted in brackets.

All Her Children. By Don Wakefield. Doubleday 1976. 182 pp. $6.95 (H). (Doubleday, $7.95). The story of a popular soap opera.

American Review #24. Theodore Solotaroff, ed. Bantam 1976. 281 pp. $2.45 (P). (Bantam, $2.45). Contains Michael Wood's article on **Nashville**.

Basic Books in the Mass Media. By Eleanor Blum. U. of Illinois Press 1976. 252 pp. $8. (H). A reference book directory.

Cecil Beaton: Stage and Film Designs. By Charles Spencer. St. Martin's 1976. 115 pp. $17.50 (H).

Beds. By Groucho Marx. Bobbs-Merrill 1976. (Allen, $2.50). Reprint of a 1930 book of humorous comments.

Ingmar Bergman. Stuart M. Kaminsky and Joseph F. Hill, ed. Oxford University Press 1975. 340 pp. $4.95 (P). (Oxford, $5.75). Critical essays on Bergman.

Bing. By Charles Thompson. McKay 1976. 249 pp. $8.95 (H). Crosby, that is.

Books About Film: A Bibliographic Checklist. By James Monaco and Susan Schenker. New York Zoetrope (31 E. 12 St., NYC 10003) 1976. 48 pp. $2.50 (P). Completely revised 3rd edition of a broadly selective guide to film literature.

The Brand New Monty Python Book. By Monty Python. Regnery 1976. Unpaged, $8.95 until 9/1/76, $10.95 thereafter (H). Humorous articles and things by the film-TV personality.

Canadian Feature Films 1964-69. Piers Handling, ed. Canadian Film Institute 1976. 64 pp. $4. (P). Third and concluding volume in series on Canadian feature film production since 1913.

Cher. By George Carpozi, Jr. Berkley 1975. 178 pp. $1.50 (P). (Barrdawn, $1.50).

Cinema and Society. By Paul Monaco. Elsevier 1976. 194 pp. $9.95 (H). Movies and their audiences in France and Germany in the 20s.

Le Cinéma au Québec: Bilan d'une Industrie 1975. By Jean-Pierre Tadros with Marcia Couelle and Connie Tadros. Éditions Cinéma/Québec 1976. 304 pp. $5. (P).

Cinema of Mystery. By Rose London. Crown 1976. 111 pp. $2.95 (P).

"Come Up and See Me Some Time!" By David Hanna. Belmont Tower 1976. 206 pp. $1.50 (P). A "confidential biography" of Mae West.

A Conversation About Screenwriting with Joan Tewkesbury. Anthony Loeb, ed. Columbia College, Chicago 1975. 25 pp. No price (P).

Conversation with Marilyn. By William J. Weatherby. Mason/Charter 1976. 229 pp. $7.95 (H). (Methuen, $9.25). In-depth talks with Monroe.

Creative People at Work. By Edward Buxton. Executive Communications (400 E. 54 St., NYC 10022) 1976. 292 pp. $12.50 (H). Creativity in the TV and other advertising fields.

James Dean. By John Howlett. Simon & Schuster 1976. 191 pp. $4.95 (P). (Musson, $11.50 (H)).

The Devil Finds Work. By James Baldwin. Dial 1976. 122 pp. $6.95 (H). (Beaverbooks, $8.25). U.S. movies seen from racial approach.

Disney's America On Parade. By David Jacobs. NAL-Abrams 1976. 142 pp. $7.95 (P). Disney's characters enlisted in a great patriotic hoopla.

The Education of the Film-Maker. A UNESCO publication distr. by AFI 1976. 182 pp. $6.95 (P). (Information Canada, $9.90). An international symposium on film and education.

Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection. By Chris Steinbrunner and Otto Penzler. McGraw-Hill 1976. 448 pp. $19.95 (H). (McGraw-Hill, $19.95). An exhaustive look at everyone and everything connected with the mystery genre.

Face to Face. By Ingmar Bergman. Pantheon 1976. 118 pp. $7.95 (H). (Random House, $2.25 (P)). The script of Bergman's latest film.

Fifty Major Film-Makers. By Peter Cowie, ed. Barnes 1976. 287 pp. $20 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $27.50). Compilation of "Best Directors of the Year" studies originally published in International Film Guide from 1964 through 1973.

Film: The Medium and the Maker. By James F. Scott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston 1975. 340 pp. $7.95 (P). (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.19). An essay on film aesthetics.

Film Review 1975-76. F. Maurice Speed, ed. Transatlantic Arts 1976. 189 pp. $12.50 (H). Review of cinematic events and films.

The Filming of the West. By Jon Tuska. Doubleday 1976. 618 pp. $14.95 (H). (Doubleday, $16.95). A behind-the-scenes history of Westerns.

Filmmaking: A Practical Guide. By Carl Linder. Prentice-Hall 1976. 304 pp. $9.95 (H), $2.95 (P). (Prentice-Hall, $11.50, $6.75).

The Films of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. By Eleanor Knowles. Barnes 1976. 469 pp. $25 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $32.50).

Funny Men of the Movies. By Edward Edelson. Doubleday 1976. 128 pp. $5.95 (H). (Doubleday, $6.95). A study of film comedy and comedians geared to young readers.

"The Girl in the Hairy Paw". Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld, eds. Avon 1976. 285 pp. $5.95 (P). (Barrdawn, $6.45). Study of the King Kong mythology.

Goldwyn. By Arthur Marx. Norton 1976. 376 pp. $9.95 (H). (McLeod, $11.75). A

biography of "the man behind the myth".

The Great Gangster Films. By Robert James Parish and Michael R. Pitts. Scarecrow 1976. 431 pp. $15. (H). A filmography with focus on U.S. movies.

The Great Little Movie Quiz Book. By John J. McDermott, Jr. Franklin 1976. 71 pp. $4.95 (H).

The Great Motion Picture Soundtrack Robbery. By Ken Sutak. Shoe String Press 1976. 111 pp. $10 (H). An analysis of copyright protection.

The Great Movie Stars: The International Years. By David Shipman. A & W Visual Library 1976. 568 pp. $7.95 (P). (Gage, $8.95). Careers of 220 top performers since 1940.

Happiness Is Too Much Trouble. By Sandra Hochman. Putnam 1976. 255 pp. $7.95 (H). (Longman, $9.50). A woman takes over Hollywood: a novel of anticipation.

Harlequin's Stick — Charlie's Cane. By David Madden. Popular Press (Bowling Green U.) 1976. 174 pp. $10 (H). A comparative study of Commedia Dell'Arte and slapstick comedy.

Here at the New Yorker. By Brendan Gill. Berkley 1976. 439 pp. $1.95 (P). (Barrdawn, $1.95). Film and other personalities as reminisced by the magazine's noted columnist.

A History of the American Avant-Garde Cinema. American Federation of Arts, publ. 1976. 175 pp. $6.50 (P). Catalogue of an exhibition with various articles.

A History of the Cinema. By Eric Rhode: Hill & Wang 1976. 674 pp. $17.50 (H). (McGraw-Hill, $19.95). An interpretive study relating movies to society.

The Hollywood Professionals (Vol. 4). Director Tod Browning by Stuart Rosenberg and Director Don Siegel by Judith M. Kass. Barnes 1976. 207 pp. $2.95 (P). (Smithers & Bonellie, $14.25).

Hollywood's Greatest Love Stories. By Dick Kleiner. Pocket Books 1976. 277 pp. $1.95 (P). (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). An historic recap of off-screen romances.

Horror Movies. By Alan G. Frank. Derbibooks 1975. 160 pp. $3.95 (P). (Methuen, $4.50).

The Horror People. By John Brosnan. St. Martin's 1976. 304 pp. $11.95 (H). Actors and producers of horror movies.

Horrors: From Screen to Scream. By Ed Naha. Avon 1976. 306 pp. $4.95 (P). (Barrdawn, $5.45). An encyclopedic guide to the genre.

I Caught Flies for Howard Hughes. By Ron Kistler. Playboy Press 1976. 217 pp. $7.95 (H). (Musson, $9.25). Three years with the late movie magnate.

Images of Man. By Donald J. Drew. InterVarsity Press 1976. 121 pp. $2.95 (P). (IVP, $2.95). A Christian critique of contemporary cinema.

Into Film. By Laurence Goldstein and Jay Kaufman. Dutton 1976. 607 pp. $19.95 (H), $13.50 (P). (Clarke, Irwin, $21.50, $14.95). Film-making techniques.

The "It" Girl. By Joe Morella and Edward Z. Epstein. Delacorte 1976. 284 pp. $8.95 (H). (Beaverbooks, $10.50). The story of Clara Bow.

Josh. By Joshua Logan. Delacorte 1976. 408 pp. $10 (H). (Beaverbooks, $10.50). Autobiography of the screen and stage director.

Kemp's Film & Television Yearbook 1975-76 (International). F.J. Goodliffe, executive editor. Kemp (London) 1976. 369 pp. $6.50 (H).

Alexander Korda. By Karol Kulik. Arlington 1976. 407 pp. $12.95 (H).

The Life and Loves of Gable. By Jack Scagnetti. Jonathan David 1976. 160 pp. $12.95 (H). (Negev Importing, $15.75).

Light and Shadows: A History of Motion Pictures. By Thomas W. Bohn and Richard L. Stromgren. Alfred Publ. 1975. 537 pp. $12.50 (H), $8.95 (P).

The Literature of the Film. Alan R. Dyment, ed. Gale 1976. 398 pp. $35 (H). Annotated bibliography 1936-70.

The Major Film Theories. By J. Dudley Andrew. Oxford University Press 1976. 278 pp. $3.95 (P). (Oxford, $4.50). A comprehensive study of schools of cinema, from Hugo Munsterberg's aestheticism to Christian Metz's semiotics.

Make 'Em Laugh. By William F. Fry, Jr. and Melanie Allen. Science and Behavior Books (Box 11457, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306) 1976. 203 pp. $8.95 (H). (McAinsh, $9.85). Life studies of comedy writers by an M.D.-Ph.D. team.

The Media Environment. By Robert S. Stanley and Charles S. Steinberg. Hastings House 1976. 306 pp. $11.50 (H), $6.95 (P). (Saunders, $14.50). The impact on society of films and other mass media.

The Robert Morley Bedside Reader. By Robert Morley. Regnery 1976. 208 pp. $7.95 (H). The actor's sundry recollections.

The Movie Makers. By Sol Chaneles and Albert Wolsky. Derbibooks 1975. 544 pp. $19.95 (H). (Methuen, $15.98). Biographies of over 2500 performers and directors.

My Heart Belongs. By Mary Martin. Morrow 1976. 320 pp. $8.95 (H). (Gage, $9.95). The performer's autobiography.

The New Wave. By James Monaco. Oxford University Press 1976. 372 pp. $15.95 (H). (Oxford, $18.25). A study of the French school as seen through the films of Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Rohmer and Rivette.

Off-Guard. By Ron Galella. McGraw-Hill 1976. 192 pp. $12.95 (H), $6.95 (P). (McGraw-Hill, $14.25, $8.25). Candid shots of everyone's favourite people.

The Official Movie Trivia Quiz Book. By Bart Andrews. Signet 1976. 153 pp. $1.25 (P). (Har-Nal, $1.25).

The Passenger. By Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen and Michelangelo Antonioni. Grove Press 1976. 192 pp. $2.95 (P). (Random House). The film's screenplay.

Playboy's Sex In Cinema #6. Arthur Knight, ed. Playboy Press 1976. 134 pp. $1.95 (P). (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). A 1975 sex films recap.

Primary Cinema Resources. By Christopher Wheaton and Richard Jewell. G. K. Hall 1976. 312 pp. $21 (H). An index to screenplays, interviews and

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Don Siegel: American Cinema, by Alan Lovell. British Film Institute. 1975.

This is a revised and updated version of a pamphlet which first appeared in 1968. It retains a critical essay on Siegel's films but now includes a sketch of his career, selections from various interviews with Siegel, an updated filmography and bibliography, an analysis of **Dirty Harry** and an introductory essay called Critical Positions.

For those interested in Siegel's work this is a very useful publication. Its importance, however, goes far beyond its immediate subject. It is not the typical study of a director which plods through his films in chronological order. It raises, and is designed to raise, a number of critical problems ranging from attitudes to the entertainment cinema to the impact of structuralism and semiology and the role of ideology.

The original pamphlet was produced as support for a season of Don Siegel's films at the National Film Theatre in London. This is a point of some importance. At that time Lovell and a number of others, such as Peter Wollen and Jim Kitses, worked in the education department of the British Film Institute. There had developed within the department the idea that National Film Theatre seasons should have an educational aim, that not only should full documentation be provided but that the planner of any given season should make explicit his critical position and be willing to defend it. This concept also informed those Cinema I books which were produced by the department (editorial control was split between the department and *Sight and Sound*). Those produced by the education department all had a theoretical perspective. It is in this sense that the Don Siegel pamphlet is not the characteristic study of a director offering a closed account of his films but rather a working document produced in a particular context, aiming to articulate issues and open them out for a continuing discussion. This is made clear in the opening essay on critical positions. This is invaluable in itself, giving a very clear account of the development of English film criticism ranging from the group of writers around the magazine *Movie* to those writing in *Screen*. Both have been influential in America.

The essay begins by describing the intellectual framework from which the 1968 pamphlet sprang. It points first to the influence of the literary critic F. R. Leavis and his journal *Scrutiny* and to later socialist revisionists of the *Scrutiny* tradition, most notable of whom is Raymond Williams whose important books include *Culture and Society* and *The Long Revolution*. Along with the *Scrutiny* tradition, the influence of *Cahiers du Cinéma* and the emerging interest in structuralism is noted. The original pamphlet was written out of a tension within these particular intellectual currents. The new version is written in a reaction to developments since then, most notably the interest in semiotics, structuralism, Marxist criticism and psychoanalysis as represented in English by *Screen*. Lovell admirably clarifies many of these issues, relates them to a wider tradition and raises questions about the danger of collapsing film into ideology, the rejection of film's entertainment function, the problems about looking at films from a psychoanalytic perspective and the lack of analytic power of film semiotics.

It remains to be said that it is written with admirable clarity. Useful as a study of an interesting American director it is, beyond that, an invaluable contribution to the continuing debate about film criticism and theory.

Paddy Whannel

The Super 8 Book, by Lenny Lipton. Straight Arrow/Simon & Shuster. 1976. 308 pp. $6.95 (P) (In Canada: General, $7.95)

Lenny Lipton, author of *Independent Filmmaking*, has given do-it-yourselfers another invaluable book for pocket, for purse, for reference shelf and, particularly, for reading. ***The Super 8 Book*** is divided into seven main sections: Format, Cameras, Sound, Processing and Stripping, Editing, Prints and Projection. The layout of the sections has been well thought out and each flows logically to the next. There are a couple of hundred photos, diagrams, drawings and charts along with a hundred thousand words of text.

The illustrations all have been carefully selected and are more or less what one might expect to find in any authoritative volume. It's Lipton's prose that raises this book far above the pack. Lipton not only knows his subject, he has the rare ability to make it clear to others. He doesn't talk down to his readers nor does he shoot over their heads. He treats the reader as a fellow enthusiast. He doesn't make you feel stupid.

Nor does he give the impression of trying to sell anything. He discusses the various pieces of equipment thoroughly, pointing out which are full of headaches and which are a joy to use. He gives his opinions and tells how he arrived at them. He shares his love for his subject.

Lipton has been bitten by the filmmaking bug. Reading his book is likely to be infectious. Be warned — the only cure may be to make a film of your own.

Albert F. Nussbaum

Paddy Whannel heads the film division of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

special collections at USC.

The Real F. Scott Fitzgerald. By Sheilah Graham. Grosset & Dunlap 1976. 287 pp. $8.95 (H). (Grosset & Dunlap, $9.95). The writer's and Miss Graham's life in Hollywood.

The Rise and Fall of the British Documentary. By Elizabeth Sussex. U. of California Press 1976. 219 pp. $11.95 (H). An historic survey.

Telly Savalas: TV's Golden Greek. By Marsha Daly. Berkley 1975. 156 pp. $1.25 (P). (Barrdawn, $1.25).

The Secret Happiness of Marilyn Monroe. By James E. Dougherty. Playboy Press 1976. 150 pp. $1.95 (P). (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). Reminiscences by Marilyn's first husband.

The Selznick Players. By Ronald Bowers. Barnes 1976. 255 pp. $15 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $21.). Study of 16 performers who acted in Selznick's films.

Mary Shelley's Monster. By Martin Tropp. Houghton Mifflin 1976. 192 pp. $7.95 (H). (Allen, $9.50). The story of Frankenstein in literature and films.

Speed: Cinema of Motion. By Werner Adrian. Crown 1976. 111 pp. $2.95 (P).

Star-Spangled Kitsch. By Curtis F. Brown. Universe 1976. 202 pp. $15 (H). (Burns & MacEachern, $17.95). Embarrassing bad taste in movies and elsewhere.

The Story of Adele H. By François Truffaut. Grove Press 1976. 191 pp. $2.45 (P). (Random House, $2.85). The script of the film.

The Story of the Men in "All the President's Men". By Paul L. Dexter. Award 1976. 170 pp. $1.50 (P). (Har-Nal, $1.50). About the actors who played in the film.

Third Time Lucky. By Yolanda Donlan. Dial 1976. 245 pp. $8.95 (H). (Beaverbooks, $10.50). Autobiography of the stage and screen actress.

Thriller Movies. By Lawrence Hammond. Derbibooks 1975. 160 pp. $3.95 (P). (Methuen, $4.50).

Understanding Movies. By Louis Gianetti. Prentice-Hall 1976. 475 pp. $10.95 (H), $6.95 (P). (Prentice-Hall, $12.40, $7.70). Revised edition of the film appreciation manual.

Understanding the Film. By Ron Johnson and Jan Bone. National Textbook (8259 Niles Center Rd., Skokie, IL 60076) 1976. 247 pp. $6.65 (P). (Copp-Clark, $6.95). Student-oriented text on film appreciation.

United Artists. By Tino Balio. U. of Washington Press 1976. 323 pp. $15 (H). A history of "the company built by stars."

The WAFL Book. Greg Epler, ed. Washington Area Filmmakers League (Box 6475, Washington, D.C. 20009) 1976. 114 pp. $1.50 (P). A guide to Washington, D.C. filmmakers.

John Wayne and the Movies. By Allen Eyles. Barnes 1976. 320 pp. $15 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $21.). The evolution of Wayne's career, with preface by Louise Brooks.

Western Movies. By Walter C. Clapham. Derbibooks 1975. 160 pp. $3.95 (P).

The Westmores of Hollywood. By Frank Westmore and Muriel Davidson. Lippincott 1976. 256 pp. $8.95 (H). (M&S, $10.50). All about the dynasty of makeup artists.

Women in Television News. By Judith S. Gelfman. Columbia U. Press 1976. 186 pp. $7.95 (H).

The World's Greatest Monster Quiz. By Don Carlinsky and Edwin Goodgold. Berkley 1975. 122 pp. $1.25 (P). (Barrdawn, $1.25).

Xaviera Meets Marilyn Chambers. By Xaviera Hollander and Marilyn Chambers. Warner 1976. 201 pp. $1.95 (P). Tête-à-tête so to speak of two porno film stars.

George L. George

George L. George, for many years a film director, with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is a book reviewer for several film magazines, and, during WWII, was Production Manager at the National Film Board until he reorganized production and abolished his function. He then became a director for the World in Action *unit.*

INFO

BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

Accatone. CAN:MMP. US:MAB.
The Adventures of Robin Hood. CAN:WB. US:MAB.
Apu Trilogy. CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
Arsenal. CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
L'Avventura. CAN:NCE. US:JAN.
Before the Revolution. CAN:ITE. US:NYF.
Beyond the Valley of the Dolls. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant. NYF.
Blacksnake. CAN & US:B&C.
Blaise Pascal. MAB.
Boudu Saved from Drowning. CMH.
Buffalo Bill and the Indians. UA*
California Split. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Caught. IVY.
The Chase. CAN:AST. US:TWY.
The Conformist. CAN:NCE. US:FI.
Countdown. CAN:WB. US:UF.
Dark Victory. CAN:WB. US:UA.
The Death of the Flea Circus Director. MON.
Deep Throat. CAN:CPX?
Earth. MAB.
Eight-and-a-Half. CAN:IFD. US:MAB.
Faces. CAN:IFD. US:BUD.
Husbands. CAN:AST. US:SWK?
The Immoral Mr. Teas. CAN & US:B&C.
The Killers. UNI.
King's Row. CAN:WB. US:UA.
Kiss Me Deadly. UA.
Knute Rockne, All-American. UA.
Lancelot du Lac. CAN:CAR. US:NYF.
The Left-Handed Gun. CAN:WB. US:TWY.
Little Big Man. CAN:AST.
Little Mother. CAN:BEL.
Love Is On the Air. UA.
M*A*S*H. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Mean Streets. WB.
Merchant of Four Seasons. CAN:FAR. US.NYF.
Middle of the World. CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
The Missouri Breaks. UA*
Nashville. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Night Moves. WB.
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. UA*
Pandora's Box. CAN:NCE. US:JAN.
The Passenger. UA.
Pickpocket. CAN:FEM. US.NYF.
A Piece of Pleasure. JGN.
Pierrot le Fou. CAN:AST. US:CMH.
Reflections in a Golden Eye. US:UF,MAB.
La Salamandre. CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
Santa Fe Trail. US:UA.
Score. CAN:DAN.
Seven Beauties. US:C5.
The Seven Minutes. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Socrates. US:NYF.
The Spider's Stratagem. US:NYF.
Sunrise. CAN:CFI. US:FI.
Supervixens. CAN:IFD. US:B&C.
Voyage to Italy. US:NYF.
Where the Lilies Bloom. UA.
A Woman Under the Influence. CAN:SAG*
Zvenigora. US:MAB.

* 16mm prints may not be currently available.

While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any mis-information given. We are happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
B&C. Bread & Circus, 6355 North Broadway, Chicago, IL 60660
BEL. Bellevue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto M5B 1B6.
BUD. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 90029
C5. Cinema Five, 595 Madison Ave., New York 10022.
CAR. Cine-Art Film Distributing, 1204 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal H2L 2G9.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa K2A 2H7
CMH. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.
CPX. Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal H4P 2C8.
DAN. Danton Films, 2 Davisville Ave., Toronto M4S 1E8
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal H2Y 1G6.
FEM. Film Library of the French Embassy, 464 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa K1N 6M8
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, IL 60091.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 175 Bloor East, Toronto M4W 1E2
ITE. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto M6M 2P5.
IVY. Ivy Films, 165 W. 46th St., NYC 10022.
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
JGN. Joe Green, 200 West 58th Street, New York 10019
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont. L5G 1C9.
MON. Monument Films, 43 West 16th Street, New York 10011
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., New York 10023.
SAG. Saguenay Films, Suite 570, 102 Bloor Street West, Toronto M5S 1N1
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, MO 63166.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, OH 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto M4S 2B9 and 729 7th Ave., New York 10019.
UF. United Films, 1425 South Main, Tulsa, OK 74119.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2J 4A1, and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto M5B 1L7 and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE NEWS

Photographer Elihu Blotnick (whose work has appeared in *Life, Esquire* and other publications of that ilk) has a 4½-minute short called **Webfooted Friends**, a "gentle but pointed satire on the American craze for painting the Colors all over the landscape." Blotnick is currently distributing the film himself, from home: 723 Dwight Way, Berkeley, CA 94710 (415-549-2461).

Robert A. Harris, President of Images, writes to say that — despite reports to the contrary in our Vol. 5 No. 1 — Abel Gance's **Napoleon** is *not* in distribution in Canada. His firm (at 2 Purdy Avenue, Rye, New York; 914-967-1102) owns the U.S. distribution rights to the film and is negotiating for Canada too. Since copyrights have been renewed in both the U.S. and France, says Harris, the film is not in the public domain.

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

The publication *Media & Education* (1505 Decelles, Suite 2, St. Laurent, Quebec H4L 2E1) is proud to announce a seminar-workshop to be conducted by the world-famous animated filmmaker and shadow-puppeteer **Lotte Reiniger**, August 16 through 20, north of Montreal. 1976 marks the 50th anniversary of the completion of **The Adventures of Prince Achmet**, generally recognized as the first full-length animated film to be made. The $235 fee includes meals, accommodation, supplies, transport from Montreal, screenings, workshops and evenings-full of reminiscences. Contact Gordon Martin at the address above, or at 514-744-1060.

The **Hollywood Film Expo I** will be held August 22 at the Holiday Inn, Hollywood, Calif. Three screening rooms, dealer rooms, Motion Picture Hall Of Fame Awards Luncheon. Write The Hollywood Film Expo I, P.O. Box 69157, Hollywood, Calif. 90069.

Temple University's second biennial **Conference on Culture and Communication** is to be held next March 9 through 11. Deadline for abstracts is November 1. Contact Dr. Anthony Kroch, Director, Department of Anthropology, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122 (215-787-7601).

November 12 through 21 are the dates for the 9th annual International **Festival of the Americas** (awards for features, shorts, documentaries, tv commercials, experimental and television productions). Deadline for entries is September 15 and complete information can be obtained from J. Hunter Todd, director of the festival, Box VIFF, U.S. Virgin Islands, 00801 (809-774-6977), or Box 13258, Atlanta, Georgia 30324 (404-688-4000).

The 18th International **Festival of Documentary and Short Films** will take place in Bilbao, Spain, November 29 through December 4. Films of less than 35 minutes in length, produced since the beginning of 1974, are eligible for prizes of up to 125,000 pesetas. Entry forms are available from the Festival, Gran Via 17, Bilbao 1, Spain, and should be returned before Oct 1.

This year's **Canadian Film Awards** presentation is scheduled for October 24 and will be televised nationwide on the CTV Network. Prior to that, there will be four days of screenings for the jury (again chaired by Gerald Pratley). Entry forms can be had from the Awards office at 175 Bloor Street East, Toronto M4W 1E1 (416-924-3701).

The 1976 International **Film and TV Festival of New York** will be held October 26 through 29 this year. All aspects of production are encompassed. Details: The International F.T.F. Corp., 251 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019 (212-246-5133).

August 13 is the entry deadline for the Eighth **Canadian Student Film Festival** (22-26 September). There are over $5000 in prizes for scenario, documentary, animation and experimental films (in 16mm or 35mm) made by students at Canadian schools, colleges and universities. Write the festival at Room H-109, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montreal H3G 1M8 (514-879-4349).

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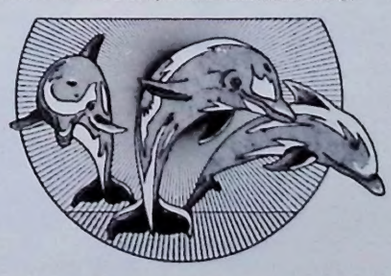
Post Office Box 467, Bolinas California 94924



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INSTANT CASH for old and new movie posters, stills, etc. We buy in quantity. Comix-Records Shop, 211 King St., Alexandria, Va. 22314.

STAN LAUREL scrapbook, booklet: personal letters, photographs and poetry given by Laurel to author. Collector's item. Mail $3.00 and 25 cents postage to DBK Attractions, 1655 Virginia Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55426 Dept. T.

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SUPER-8 SOUND FILMS. Send for free list. Northwest Custom Movies, Dept. TO, 4600 Union Bay Place, N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98105.

Classifieds, Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L3.

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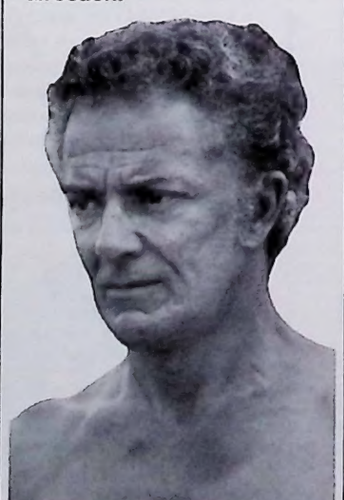

Edith Head

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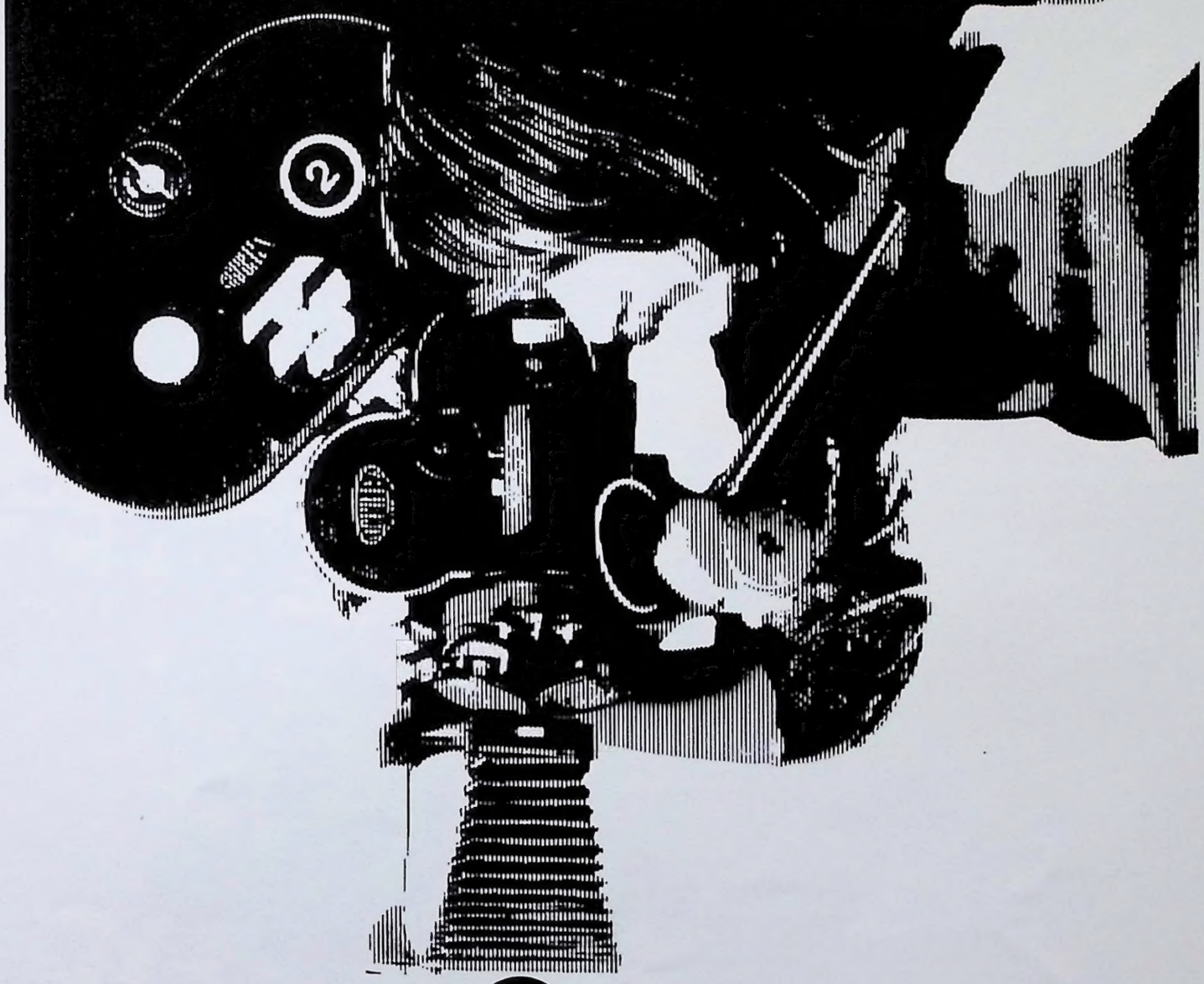

Bureaux de l'Office national du film du Canada

Canada
P.O. Box
Case postale 6100
Montréal, Québec H3C 3H5

National Film Board of Canada Offices

United States
16th Floor
1251 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020

England
1 Grosvenor Square
London, W1X 0AB

France
15, rue de Berri
75008 Paris

Japan
c/o Canadian Embassy
7-3-38, Akasaka, Minato-ku
Tokyo, Japan 107

Australia
9th Floor, AMP Centre
50 Bridge Street
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